THE SURVEY

GRAPHIC NUMBER

JUNE 1, 1923

That These Dead Shall Not Have Died In Vain

FRANCE'S WILL-TO-LIVE
By Charles Cestre

A LETTER FROM THE RUHR
By Jerome Lachenbruch

THE SMOLDERING PROBLEM OF ANTHRACITE COAL

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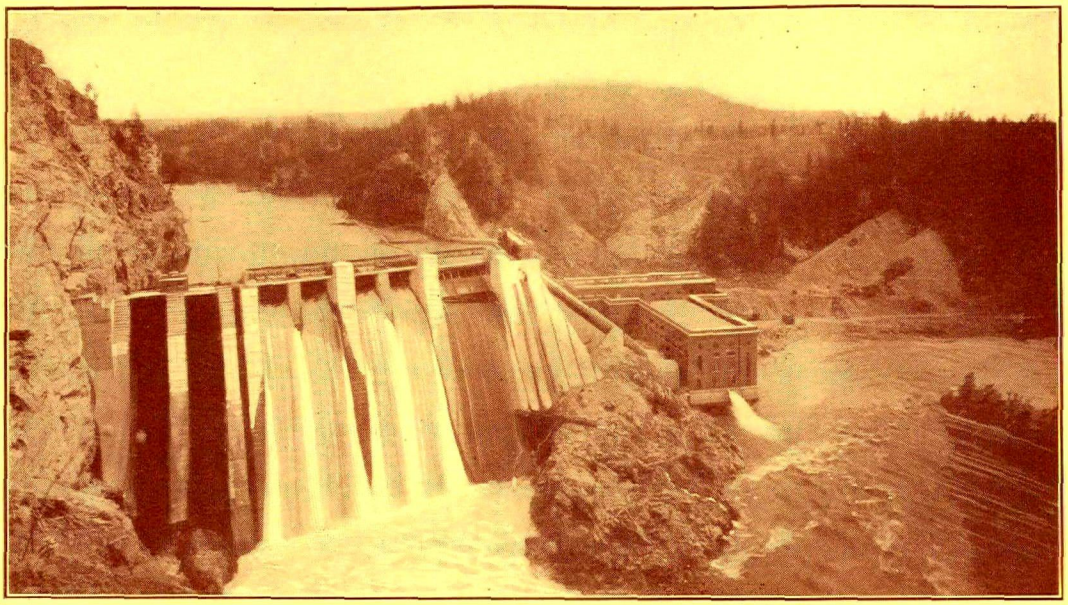

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Vol. L, No. 5 — The Survey : Graphic Number — June 1, 1923

S. H. RAUSHENBUSH has been carrying on investigations for the Bureau of Industrial Research in the anthracite fields the results of which will shortly appear in book form. Though he has shed two letters from the name of his distinguished father, the theologian, he has inherited his enthusiasm for social service on the basis of intimate personal knowledge.

JEROME LACHENBRUCH is a young American writer who has spent the last year in Germany. His Letters from Abroad have appeared from time to time in The Freeman.

CHARLES CESTRE is professor of American Civilization at the Sorbonne and a valued correspondent of The Survey. His present article was written before the more recent negotiations between France and Germany concerning reparations. The illustrations come from the American Committee for Devastated France.

FOR permission to reproduce the child portraits of Robert Henri we are indebted to Boni & Liveright, the first publishers who have had the enterprise to make available to wider circles the work, and appreciations of the work, of modern American painters.

ABOUT William E. Brooks, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church at Allentown, Penn., we have nothing new to say except that we shall count ourselves fortunate to print his verse from time to time. The pen and ink drawing on page 285 is by the late Otto Ubbelohde.

LEE WEISS, a graduate of Swarthmore College, has previously contributed to The Survey, the New York Evening Post and other journals.

THE SURVEY'S circulation department occasionally throws an interesting sidelight on American foreign relations. Just now the larger number of overseas subscribers are Japanese; and many letters from them show the keen interest of business men and officials in that far country in American methods of social work. China also is interested. The Rev. Lucius C. Porter, president of Peking University, now in this country, tells of the large use made of The Survey in the Orient in stimulating new ideas and activities for community service. A Cuban subscriber, in self-defense, sends a list of socially active people in Havana who should be persuaded to become subscribers because, as she writes, she does not like to have her file continually broken by lending copies, even after she has read them from cover to cover. The director of the Soziale Museum in Frankfort, one of the most important sociological libraries in Germany, writes: "You cannot imagine how we gobble up the numbers of The Survey as they come in. It is for many of us at the present time the only intellectual link with the world outside our own country."

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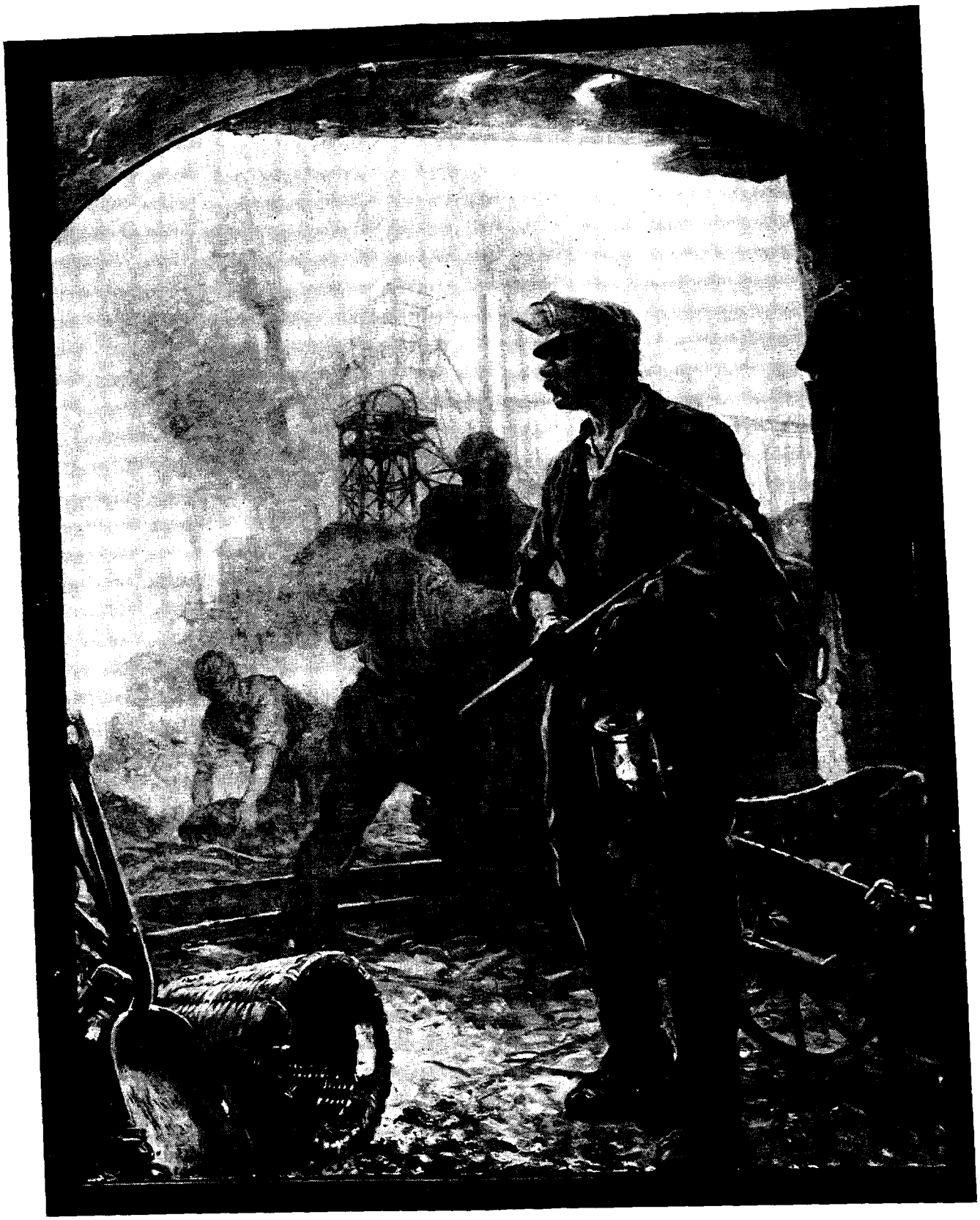

THE COAL MINER

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THE SURVEY
GRAPHIC NUMBER

JUNE 1, 1923

Volume L
No. 5

The Smoldering Problem of Anthracite

By S. H. RAUSHENBUSH

ON July first the United States Coal Commission appointed last October will make its report on the anthracite industry. Two months later, the present agreement between anthracite operators and miners, on which the strike of 1922 was terminated, ends after running one year. It is doubtful whether the report will bear directly on the negotiation of a new agreement. The commission was not created to settle industrial disputes or to act as a wage board. But the possibility of another interruption in the supply of domestic fuel next autumn, and another winter of lean bins for households and hospitals and factories naturally leads the public to hope that the commission, after its months of investigation, will suggest plans which will tend toward permanent peace in the anthracite fields.

It is by the quality of its long-range planning for the industry, by the reach of its questionings and by the pertinence of its inductions from assembled facts that the commission's report will count both this summer and in the future. One cannot disregard the fact that governmental investigations have not been too successful in this country. Quantitatively impressive data have often been collected without causing of their own weight any recommendations of permanent worth. Or again, the assembling of data may take such a long time that adequate discussion and appraisal of recommendations may be postponed until the commission goes out of existence and a willing but less informed Congress tackles the question again, not where the commission left off, but where it began. The difficulty of securing prompt and constructive action is aggravated especially from the point of view of the lay public when, as in the present case, the commission with less than two months left before its anthracite report, has held no open hearings on such recommendations as it may have in mind.

The job before the Coal Commission has been twofold: first, to find the facts that will make possible an understanding of the difficulties of the industry by the public; second, to make its own recommendations for whatever changes in the industry it believes the situation thus disclosed calls for. There can, however, be no rigid line drawn between these two parts of the one job. The test of the value of the facts lies in the questions which they serve to answer. The test of the value of the recommendations lies in the number of facts they take into consideration.

If we now set up some test, however arbitrary, of the things which all of us—public, miners and investors—may reasonably ask of the industry, we shall have some means for gaging the commission's probing. It will be granted that the consuming public (after lengthy private discussions this last winter, interspersed by flights downstairs to stoke the furnace three times of an evening in the happy case that there is coal to stoke) increasingly regards the anthracite industry as a public service in a class not altogether different from the railroads and our local lighting and power plants; and that we all may without impudence ask for a dependable supply of reasonably cheap coal for the consumer, a fair return for the investor and an adequate wage for the miners. Some definitions are in order. By "reasonably cheap coal" we mean the price that should be paid for fuel after such economies of business organization, mine management, engineering, transportation and distribution as are possible have been effected; after the capital holders have received fair pay for their services; and after labor has received an adequate wage. By "fair return" we mean a return on the actual cash investment proportionate to the risk taken. The government allowed the railroads 5 ¾ per cent. The anthracite investors might fairly be allowed six or eight per cent. By "adequate wage" we mean a wage that will give the miners a living consistent with a good

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life in this country, with allowances for the special risks and hazard of their trade.

Can the anthracite industry with its present organization give these things? That is the first question, and is one of fact. Either it can give them, or it cannot give them. Or if it can and will not, what should be our attitude?

The first question of fact, as to whether or not the present organization of the industry can give these reasonable things raises a small host of other questions which the Coal Commission may fairly be expected to answer.

The desire for reasonably cheap coals leads to the question of mine accounting. Why is there this large controversial difference between the mine cost of $5.20 per ton stated by the anthracite miners* in February and the figure of $5.74 per ton given out in March by the New York Trust Company for the operators? This difference amounts to $37,800,000 on the annual production. The miners stated that the sales realization f. o. b. the mines during the winter shortage was about $6.81, to which the operators retorted it was $6.28, which happens to be only 14 cents higher than the sales realization in 1921. The difference amounts to $37,100,000 for the year. Unfortunately the Coal Commission is not collecting cost or profit figures for the period after the 1922 suspension, and consequently will not be able to pronounce on the second difference, i. e. the sales realization obtained during the 1922-23 shortage. If it checks the first figure by the anthracite operators' accounting system it will probably arrive at the operators' results. The anthracite miners are presenting to the commission this month a list of thirty-six investment and cost items in the operators' accounting system which they believe can be and are used to inflate costs, along with an accounting system which they believe to be accurate, and the adoption of which they strongly urge. Which of these accounting systems is correct? Laymen are likely to think such questions of accountancy stale and dull, but all questions of fair prices, wages and profits hinge upon them.

THE question of whether or not the investors are getting a fair return on their capital leads to another set of queries affecting mine operators, landowners, investors and labor.

How profitable have the mining companies been? What is the sum total of what the investors put into the industry? What is the sum total of what they took out of the industry? How much ahead or behind the game are they? What hidden reserves, if any, have the companies accumulated?

Why are royalties so high? What is the actual cash investment in coal lands by the landowners? What rates of return have they been getting on their investment? How much ahead of the game are they? What service do they give? What value have they added to the land by holding it? Stephen Girard paid $6 an acre for 390 acres of his coal land in 1830. What economic justification is there for an actual and anticipated return on those 390 acres in royalties alone of about ten million dollars a year, not including an additional return of about ten million dollars to the lessor for mining the coal?

What return should capital get in anthracite mining? How much capital does the industry need? Could a fair return be given by pooling costs, prices and profits, as the Federal Trade Commission suggested in 1917? Could the same result be obtained by any other method of regulation? What method? For that matter, has regulation ever worked very well?

Should mine labor get an increasingly adequate wage? Is it to the interest of the country to have wages raised? Will that give the industry peace? Will that increase production costs in manufacturing, will it increase the purchasing power of the country? If the purchasing power of the country is increased, will that be helpful or harmful to its prosperity? To what extent can wages be increased by efficiencies of management, engineering, unification, etc.? To what extent can they be increased by a limitation of the claims of capital on the industry? Is the present wage sufficient for a satisfactory American life? What is a satisfactory American life? On what bases will the commission's cost of living figures be compiled? What allowance should be made for risk of employment, hazard and health? Should a living or saving wage be determined without reference to the financial condition of the industry? Will it leave the claims of capital on the industry unchallenged and so pass the increase on to the consumer? Is it efficient to do that? It is fair to the workers? To the public?

Some of these questions are questions of fact. Some of them are questions of opinion. In answering the first main question as to whether an enlightened public can without impudence ask for reasonably cheap coal, a fair return and no more for capital, and an increasingly adequate wage for mine labor, care must be taken to distinguish between fact and the conclusions drawn from them. The facts may be correct, but the conclusions may, more or less consciously, contain assumptions that are at least challengeable. If, for instance, the Coal Commission feels called upon to say that $1,500 a year is an adequate wage, there would be present in that statement one fact and several assumptions. The fact, more or less elaborated, would be that men do exist on that amount. The assumptions would be that it is good for them to have no more than that amount, that they and their families are as high in the scale of living as we want the people of America to be, that such a wage can be paid by the industry, and that no more can well be afforded.

There might be a general agreement about the fact. Men do live on such a sum. But the assumptions would offer wide ground for debate. The federal Children's Bureau's report on household conditions in the Schuylkill valley affords, for example, an arresting human footnote to such statistics. Is there after all a national mind on this question as to what standard of living the miners or any other skilled workers should have? The national mind is in agreement with itself on very

* The Anthracite Monopoly. Presentation by the anthracite miners to the United States Coal Commission.

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few things, and this does not happen to be one of them. Possibly to find an expression of the national mind we must skip across innumerable July Fourths to the original phrase about "the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." On that phrase the national mind starts and stops. Life? Does that involve any minimum wage as a basis for a minimum standard of living? This April the Supreme Court of the United States decided that it did not, although a great many of the states had previously decided to the contrary. Possibly in the near future some attempt will be made to define a good American life. It is a job that needs doing. Whether it is to be "three acres and a cow," or gas heating, running water and a baby carriage, or a Ford and a high-school education is a question yet to be answered. It is simply referred to here to show the impossibility of an easy agreement on any recommendations that involve points of industrial or national policy, for to date we have neither the one nor the other.

To take another example. If the Coal Commission should say that prices cannot reasonably be reduced below their present average, they would again be making use of a series of facts about the financial status of the industry (which facts in this case would be open to some question) and a series of assumptions equally debatable.

The main assumption here would be that the present organization of the industry must remain as it is, that the relation of producers, transporters and distributers, of high and low cost companies with all their systems of revaluation of plant and coal land, is practically unchangeable. Once that assumption is made, the conclusion that prices cannot be reduced or even that prices should be raised might logically follow.

If these questions, especially those concerning the actual investment in the coal lands and mines and the returns paid on it, are answered to the effect that the industry can give the three desirable things, then the question is not only whether it gives them now and why doesn't it give them, but also what will make it give them? Some recommendation to limit the rate of return would be in order.

If the questions should, on the other hand, be answered to the effect that the present organization of the industry cannot give the desired services, some recommendation about reorganization would be in order. In any case, it is to be hoped that the commission will illuminate the various plans for reorganization that have been or may be suggested so as to enable the public to make up its mind about them.

Is competition enforced by law, for example, really possible in an industry that has a long established practice of working together with itself? If competition were enforceable, does the bituminous industry prove it to be desirable? Would the creation of a complete private monopoly be desirable on the ground of economies possible in unified management, adequate capital available for engineering improvements, uniform price, elimination of marginal producers, etc.? How much of the present operating costs would thus be avoided? Are there, under present conditions, wastes of supplies, idle time of machinery, inefficient plant or equipment, faulty work organization, waste of power, extravagance in administration, careless buying, old-fashioned methods of production, incompetent staff, inadequate underground transportation? Could these things be overcome by the monopoly form of reorganization?

Would control over such a private consolidated monopoly be effective? Or would monopoly inevitably capitalize the consolidation at the expense of miners and consumers? Would its fighting power be so large as to act as a permanent check on the aspirations of the miners? In other words, would a situation be produced where only a long consumers' strike or a long miners' strike would have the slightest effect on the policy of the consolidated company?

If complete private monopoly is not considered satisfactory—and probably few who have a speaking acquaintance with our industrial history will consider it to be so—what other alternatives give promise? Can regulation by pooling costs, allowing a fair profit on the combined investment and establishing a standard price, be expected to limit or expand mine costs? In other words, is it likely that the practice, alleged to have been followed by the railroads under government control, of establishing hidden reserves through over-maintenance in order to discredit regulation, would be followed in the coal industry? What measure of further regulation of expenditure would be necessary to avoid the inflation of mine costs?

Would—to turn to a more radical course—nationalization give better results than this sort of regulation? To what extent do the miners want it? Why do they want it? How does it differ from plain government ownership? To what extent can control (ownership) and administration (management) actually be separated? Is the public in agreement with the miners in regarding "a good American life for the miner as of equal importance with a steady supply of coal at a reasonable price to the public"? Will it be well, as the miners argue, "to remove disputed wage questions from the administration of the industry where they do not belong and place them under the economic control of the industry where they do belong"? Will "the prime cause of labor disputes be removed by nationalization in the elimination of the profit motive," as the miners contend? Will the absorption of the excess charges of capital in

(*Continued on page* 309)

Winter Night

By MARION CLINCH CALKINS

I cannot talk of sorrow near the fire—
Come to the door, love, hear it on the gale
And feel its bitterness upon the night.
Man with his own grief is hale when he is old:
Man with the grief of men is old though hale.

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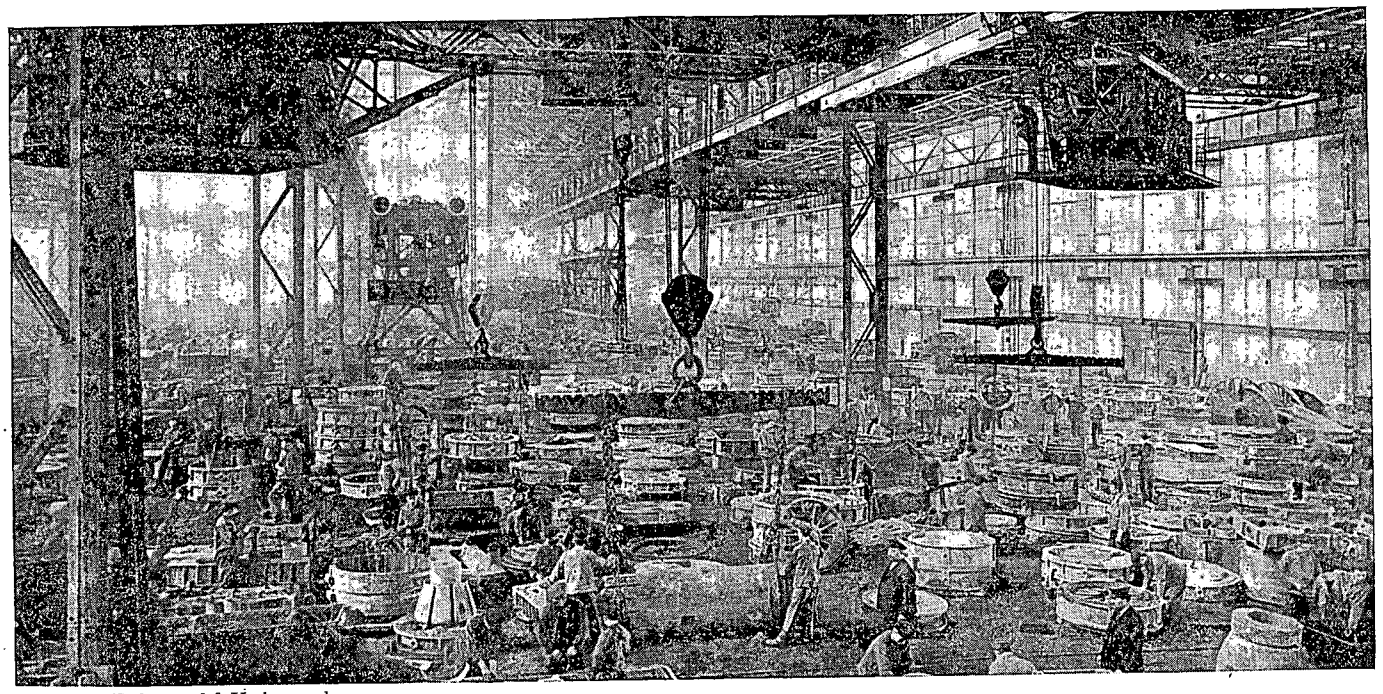

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Again a point of danger to the peace of the world: the Krupp plant at Essen

A Letter from the Ruhr

By JEROME LACHENBRUCH

April 8, 1923

EVERY day during the spring the Berlin newspapers printed bald reports of officials, business men and inconsequential citizens being imprisoned, tortured or exiled in the Ruhr. Every one wondered whether these reports could be true or were merely official propaganda. Reluctantly I set out for Essen to find out. Along the railroad right of way farmers were planting grain, and a hundred times Millet's Sower was brought to life as some peasant, leaning backward from the waist, walked with loose stride through his field and scattered the rye and the wheat seed that will mean bread next fall.

At one of the larger way stations, a class of young girl graduates entered the train. Their chatter was gay and light and tremendously important, and they all looked proud and happy in their new cloth sailor caps and class ribbons. They were followed by a dozen sixteen-year-old boys, all decked in their new class colors. Each class in a German high school has its particular colors, and these are expressed in the caps of the students. Those who entered the train had evidently passed their examinations, for they wore new caps, and were on the way home for the Easter holidays. Home to them was somewhere in the newly occupied Ruhr territory; their high school, however, lay beyond its border, and most of the students lived in the school town. They compared report slips, discussed their comrades, chaffed one another on their luck in getting through and every now and then took off their new caps to see whether they were still as spotless as they had been earlier in the morning.

My companions and I had been traveling ten hours and we knew that the last thirty miles of the journey would consume at least three hours. As we approached the German border of the Ruhr territory, every one began to get nervous. Would *they* make us line up along the tracks and undress to see whether we had any "forbidden" newspapers or weapons concealed upon our persons? The students imparted with some awe the information that on several occasions many persons had been peeled to their underwear. The last station in peaceful Germany had been passed, and in turn the passengers looked out of the windows to get a first glimpse of the French train inspectors. Gradually the train slowed down to a stop in the middle of a long stretch of fields. An important-looking officer, followed by half a dozen soldiers in field blue uniform, came along the roadbed past our coach. He gave an order to his men, and they compelled all the people in the coach behind ours to get out with their baggage. There was to be a test search. Three cars were emptied of their passengers, who were lined up along the tracks with opened baggage. While their things were being hastily looked over, a few soldiers came through the compartments of the other cars and glanced at the passports. Evidently no arms or other contraband had been found, for the passengers were permitted to reenter the train.

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Then the officer approached the baggage car which was opened to him. Aha! Something suspicious! Two bundles of newspapers were thrown to the track. The officer opened one bundle, and gave the other a scornful kick. From the car window I read the name of the offensive newspaper that had been confiscated. It was the rather careful *Kölnische Zeitung,* which had evidently been shipped in a roundabout way. The officer ordered the dangerous newspapers to be carried away. Then the train was allowed to proceed on its way.

Here and there, one saw a French soldier on guard at a crossing; but until Essen was reached, there was little suggestion that the French had occupied the valley of the Ruhr. Only a passing train, filled with happy children bound for various peasant homes throughout Germany, was evidence that something had happened to the fortunes of the population.

As the main terminal in Essen was in the possession of the French, the German train entered the town through the small East End station to discharge its overcrowded load of passengers. To reach the hotel, one had to walk through the wholesale food supply district where small vendors bought their dried fish, their huge cheeses and their appetizing sausages. The streets were as filled with people as Broadway is after the theater. One heard wiry voices screeching the prices of wares, and saw, here and there, silent groups gathered eagerly about a vendor's cart. On these carts were roulette wheels, and the players were as intent as any in the Monte Carlo Casino. Needless to say, the famous three-card-monte game was much in evidence, and thousands of marks exchanged hands rapidly over a peddler's cart. Since the French have abolished the police system in Essen, gambling games are conducted openly in the streets.

It was five o'clock, and many of the stores were already putting up their iron grating protection in front of the shop windows. It seemed as though this part of town was preparing either for a bombardment or a prolonged holiday. We hastened to the hotel, only to find that no accommodations were to be had. Eventually, we obtained rooms in a quasi-respectable hostelry which had been raided by armed thugs the week before. On the ground floor was a cabaret, the check-room of which had been robbed of mens' and womens' overcoats. This little incident had so dislocated business that the proprietor had to close up his little show. He could do a rushing business, he told us, if he were permitted by his government to entertain French officers. But that would mean not only social ostracism in Essen but perhaps personal danger at the hands of exasperated fellow countrymen. He said that he might be called upon at any time to entertain the French; and if he refused, his little theater was likely to be confiscated and he himself imprisoned for a few years and made to pay a heavy fine as well. His nephew's coffee house had been closed a few days before, and the young owner thrown into prison.

The shopkeeper's sabotage is not easy to carry through, especially as his personal interest lies in the way of serving the French. Yet, on the whole, he carries out the silent treatment when requested to sell goods to a French soldier or officer. Often the officer helps himself to whatever he desires and lays down what he thinks is sufficient payment. Sometimes the amount is far above the value of the goods taken; at other times it is about the same as paying one cent for a dollar article. Only in districts where the French are present in large numbers is it impossible for the shopkeepers to practise sabotage. So, in these districts and towns, the shop-owners do an excellent business, a fact that brings forth the envious criticism of those other shop-owners who have to get along with whatever German trade comes their way. Because there is comparatively little selling to the French, prices in Essen have not risen to the level they have reached in Mainz or the other towns in the previously occupied territory.

AT night one sees curious groups of men parading up and down the streets. Upon inquiry one learns that these are the house-owners who have appointed themselves a citizen police force to protect their property from roving bands of German thugs. They carry nothing more formidable than canes, for night-sticks and black-jacks, rot to mention revolvers, all come under the head of weapons, and the French have given prison terms to those found with weapons in their possession. This is one of the reasons, perhaps, why the police have been disbanded. One says disbanded, for many have been imprisoned, several exiled, and others given a vacation on good behavior. It would appear that the reason for disarming the police is twofold: first, to do away with a group of men patriotic enough, most likely, to take pot shots at French soldiers or officers who might venture forth alone; and secondly, to increase the feeling of insecurity on the part of the population to such an extent that they will welcome French protection. This last, if the motive, would be reminiscent of the von Tirpitz psychology which held that U-boat warfare would terrorize the English into seeking peace terms.

There are hold-ups and small robberies, as may be surmised; but the walking-stick guard continues to march in groups of twos and threes all through the night.

In front of the main entrance to the Essen railroad terminal armed guards stand watch. Beside the entrance, several blackboard bulletin boards have been set up, upon which the French version of daily events is scribbled in chalk. Similar blackboards are set up in front of the post office, directly opposite the station. These bulletins are read by the passers-by, but merely as a matter of amusement, for they are recognized as propaganda. So skeptical has the German population in the Ruhr become in regard to French overtures that if the French were to reprint the German version of any incident, it would not be believed. In fact, such overtures have been made in little posters that seem

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to make love to the communists. But the communists fight shy of the French glad hand for reasons which will become clear later.

Within the terminal a tomb-like silence prevails. The echo of a soldier's footsteps or the sound of a French voice comes with grave strangeness. Tickets are for sale at two of the dozens of windows, but there is no business. One wing of the station has been converted into barracks for the guard; and the only people to be seen within the station are French soldiers. The main line of the road is being run without a passenger. In one of the nearby towns, where the railroad crosses a highway, I saw two French-manned trains meander past. In the compartments of a six-car train were only the conductors and a hostage.

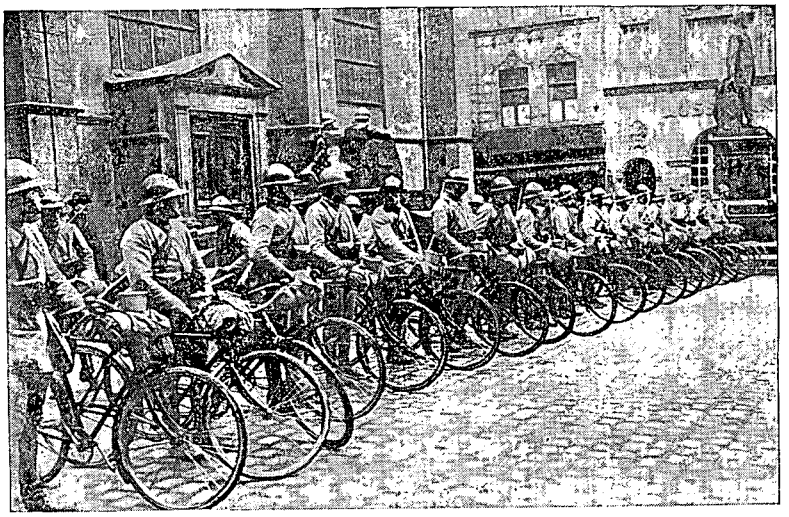
The hostage idea was a recent development when I came to the Ruhr, and may be abolished before this is printed. It arose from the difficulty involved in arresting every man who "insulted" the French army. An insult to the army in the Ruhr may be anything from not replying to a question put by a French officer to not selling goods to the French. In practice, there are no limitations to what constitutes an "insult." If the person who does the "insulting" manages to make his escape, the French take as hostage some influential town official, put him on the railroad, give him a free ride all day long and at night imprison him in a station where his comforts are a little less than he might have in prison. I do not know of a single case in which the seizure of a hostage has resulted in the giving up of the person who "insulted" the French army.

When the French took over some of the German locomotives, they did not know how to operate them. This they learned however from a German engineer, living in Düsseldorf, who taught several French railroad engineers how to operate the German trains. When he was relieved of his duty, he found that no former acquaintance would recognize him, and he is now living the life of a pariah in his home town. The French locomotive engineers, or rather some of them, have been brought from France, and are paid at the same rate, or even better, than that which they received at home.

ALTHOUGH most of the public utilities buildings have been taken over by the French, the postal system has not been disturbed. So far as I know, there is no censorship of mail, but the telegraph system is entirely in French hands. In the main telegraph office in Essen, where formerly dozens of German operatives were kept busy night and day, two or three wires are now operated by the French. Part of the building has been converted into a barracks. The telephone system has been shut down, but there is still a city system, the headquarters of which had not been discovered by the French when I was there. How this system could remain undiscovered was explained to me by a Düsseldorf telephone girl who lost her job when the French took charge of the phone service in her city.

As soon as the French moved into the Ruhr, all signs on public utilities buildings were removed. Consequently, the burden of search was put upon the French engineers who had to trace telephone wires to their lair. This form of sabotage is everywhere practiced in the Ruhr. Practically no information is vouchsafed the French; and in a thickly populated industrial section where the small towns are organized for social and industrial life far better than in most small American cities, there are public institutions that somehow continue to function.

Self-government is the rule in all Ruhr towns,



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Troops of the French army of occupation lined up in front of the city hall of Essen

but self-government in a non-political, personal sense. The bureaucratic officialdom of the towns and cities has been split asunder; some members are in prison for one or another offense (if you are French), or for keeping the oath of allegiance (if you are German). All officials, however, have substitutes, even to the tenth degree; and in some departments the succeeding heads have been escorted to jail down to the fifth "generation." There always seems to be some one to take the place of the man who is imprisoned. If it keeps up, an official remarked, the cities will be run by office boys. And yet, business continues to be carried on. Needless to say, contact with officialdom has disappeared: no taxes are paid; no red tape is gone through for one purpose or another; and in some instances difficulties arise. One day, while I was waiting three hours in a small town to make a train connection, one of the German train officials came up to me and asked if nothing could be done for a young man who had been taken ill that morning as he descended from a train and had lain unconscious for the last five hours. It seems that the man had been examined by the local physician who said that the hospital would probably not receive the man as he was a Hollander, although he was born in the Ruhr. My friends and I went to the hospital authorities and learned that the police usually take care of such

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cases, vouch for their authenticity, and prefer the public charge against the town funds. However, now that all the rules were not working, it was difficult to admit the patient. One of my companions remarked that perhaps the French would like to take care of the man and announce the fact on the Essen bulletin boards. Five minutes later, the man was in a hospital bed. This incident gave the railroad workers, who bore the stretcher to the hospital and raised a fund for the young man, a chance to air their opinions about German red tape.

"If we cannot break down all this bureaucracy," said one, "we might as well go to the dogs."

This man's particular worry was that he would be imprisoned for working on the German railroad and his wife, who was expecting a baby, left without any one to care for her. All railroad men are good subjects for prison terms, for they are defenseless; so are all members of large and small industrial enterprises, shop-keepers, in fact, everybody. Little by little, the drawn faces of the people are explained by their anxiety rather than by lack of food. The rest of Germany is shipping food and clothing into the Ruhr, though many of the trains are held by the French and not allowed to return. As they have no repair men for the locomotives, or very few, the French must commandeer more locomotives for future use.

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Holding out the mailed hand of friendship: armored cars interrupt the ordinary traffic of Main Street

Perhaps a few details of notable imprisonments will be illuminating. The case of Mayor Schaefer of Essen is an example of the manner in which officials are imprisoned for refusing to obey the commands of the French. Mayor Schaefer was charged with refusing to deliver coal, as well as seventy-nine automobiles of a stated horse-power, to the occupying forces. These were the main charges, to which the mayor answered in effect that he could not deliver coal as he did not own any mines; and as for automobiles, he could not get into communication with private owners as there were no means of telephoning to them. Mayor Schaefer was first placed in a prison in Düsseldorf and later moved to Zweibrücken. He has since been transferred to another prison, after being sentenced to serve two years in prison and to pay a fine of five million marks. An appeal from this decision was decided a few days ago; and the military court of appeal lengthened the prison sentence to three years and added another million marks to the fine.

Another interesting case is that of Mayor Havenstein of Oberhausen, a town near Essen. The mayor is nearly seventy, yet he was sentenced to serve three years in prison and to pay a fine of five million marks. The money amounts to about $550 but means a great deal more in Germany today than its dollar equivalent does in the United States. Mayor Havenstein's offense was that he did not compel the electric light company of the town, a private organization, to light the station restaurant after the French soldiers had occupied it and the trains had stopped running. The manager of the restaurant was ordered to furnish light, and he appealed in vain to the electric light company. The mayor was held responsible for the company's refusal.

A more curious form of French justice was exhibited in the manner in which the director of Werden prison was treated by a military court. Under German rule, imprisonment in Werden carries with it loss of citizenship rights. To have been incarcerated there is to lose one's standing in the community and to be branded as a jailbird. The director wrote to the French officials, protesting against the imprisonment of political offenders in his prison, on the ground that these prisoners could not be said to have forfeited their honor and should therefore be placed in a jail or penitentiary where imprisonment does not carry with it the onus of "incorrigible criminalty." As a result of his protest, the elderly director was shut up in his own prison. This story I had from the lips of the director's son, who is himself a minor official in another German prison in the Ruhr district. The French and the Belgians do not look upon their German prisoners, of whom there are now about four thousand, with more coming in every day, as political offenders. That the Germans who obey their own government are military prisoners, is a statement made by a Belgian military court official in Crefeld.

A request to visit German prisoners in Duisburg was flatly denied by the Belgian general, Beaurain, although permission to enter the German prisons at Crefeld and Anrath was granted by the Belgian officials in that district. In these German prisons, the prisoners are treated as well as possible, but the German wardens must obey the orders given by the Belgian authorities for the care of their prisoners. The prison at Crefeld, with excellent accommodations for eighty inmates, housed more than that number of political prisoners alone. These were assigned three to a cell designed for one inmate A short conversation with the former mayor of Goch elicited the information that he had nothing to com-

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plain of in the matter of treatment, but that a change of underwear, for hygienic reasons, was much to be desired.

THE German Red Cross is doing what it can to relieve the physical discomforts of the prisoners, in so far as the organization is permitted to visit them and to find out their needs. General Degoutte has permitted the Red Cross delegate in the Ruhr to visit the French prisons, and the inmates receive linens and personal gifts from the outside through the Red Cross, as well as through friends and relatives who are allowed to visit them twice a week.

The German Department of Justice has issued an order forbidding the directors of prisons to accept political offenders, on the ground that to do so is to aid the French and the Belgians in their invasion. The consequence of this ruling is that many prisoners have already been transferred to Belgian and French prisons outside of Germany, where their care is not in the hands of German wardens. From several sources I have heard that the Belgians are more lenient than the French in their treatment of German prisoners, a statement that was confirmed by German prison officials.

Atrocity stories are difficult to trace down. I saw photographs of men whose backs were lacerated by strokes from an all-leather riding whip. On all sides, one hears tales of third-degree torture. The coal syndicate building in Essen, where the building plans of the Ruhr mines were kept, was one of the first buildings requisitioned by the French. But the syndicate had moved its books and papers and plans to Hamburg before the French arrived; and various minor officials and clerks were put through a third degree to elicit important information.

Wherever one sees an officer in the Ruhr, one almost invariably sees a riding whip. These are used not only on the German population, but also on the French soldiers who do not obey orders promptly enough to suit their superiors. One hears hundreds of stories of this sort daily.

The population seems always to dread the swooping down of a troop of soldiers; and this fear, together with the restraint that they put upon themselves by not expressing their emotions publicly, has begun to tell upon the people as well as upon the soldiers. Many of the inhabitants have moved away. The soldiers are always in dread lest they be surrounded and beaten up by a band of citizens, though this has happened only on rare occasions. The sabotage method of warfare is so well understood and seems to be working so well that the citizens are satisfied to take what is coming to them in the knowledge that they are defeating the plans of their enemies.

As the occupation continues, and the intrusion of the invaders in various public enterprises causes more and more persons to lay down their work, the problem of supporting them becomes ever more difficult. The German government furnishes a subsidy to the workers in the Ruhr, but that is insufficient to take care of the growing unemployment.

The medical supervisor of Essen told me that one of the ways in which the government seeks to lighten the burden of the people is to ship as many children as possible to other parts of Germany. Up to the beginning of April, 280,000 school children had been examined, and ten thousand of the weakest had found homes for the summer in various German provinces. The supervisor hoped to be able to send thirty thousand children out of the district. At first, the trains bearing these children into "unoccupied" German territory were not permitted to pass the French lines; but since the trains have been placed under the protection of a Red Cross agent, they have gone through unmolested. The children are gathered together by committees of the trade unions and of the various churches; and in the rest of Germany similar committees in the various farm districts find out how many children can be taken care of by families in their districts.

To ameliorate the condition of the children in the Ruhr, an attempt is being made to distribute free milk. In this undertaking, the work is also carried out by committees of the trade unions and the churches. The Red Cross has been able to supply food as well as milk; and though the organization is gradually being whipped into efficient shape, it lacks the financial backing to do all that is needed. One of the questions put to me by several inhabitants, and which I was unable to answer, was: "Where is the American Red Cross?" Our organization is known to be beyond political affiliations and on a purely humanistic basis; so our absence from a scene where its aid would be a powerful factor is inexplicable to many of the inhabitants.

WHEN the French entered the Ruhr, they did not expect to find the unity of resistance that the workingmen have developed. It was hoped that a rift in their ranks would make the task easier of accomplishment. But the great majority of the workers are socialists, and they understand the significance of the French occupation. They are not chauvinistic; but when it comes to a choice between serving German masters or French, they have no hesitation in voting for the home brand. Their attitude is to be explained on the principle of self-interest. Ever since 1918, they have had organizations known as works councils within each enterprise. These councils have a voice in the management of the business. They guard the worker's rights in matters of hiring and firing; they prescribe working conditions; they sit in conference with the owners of the plants; in short, they represent the workers' interests in every way in factory or mine. This institution is a legal one and is universal throughout Germany. The railroads, the post office, in fact, all departments of government have these councils. They are under the guidance of the trade unions; and as all the workers belong to unions, the power of these councils is a safeguard for the workers. On the other hand, it is of benefit to the employer if, instead of treating with his workers individually, he can meet with the repre-

(*Continued on page* 312)

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France's Will-to-Live

By CHARLES CESTRE

LET us go back a bit. When, in October 1918, the last shells fired by the Big Berthas and the last bombs dropped by aeroplanes ceased falling on Paris, it was understood that the end was drawing near. Reports of joy thundered from all the guns of Paris on November 11, when the news of the signing of the armistice was sent to the capital by wireless—joy mixed with too much mourning and grief to express itself in loud accents and boisterous demonstrations. Trains of succor and committees of relief were hurried to the liberated populations, at last freed from the iron heel of the invaders. All the necessaries of life were lacking in the districts of the North and the East. The Americans helped us powerfully to distribute food, clothing, blankets, medicines, the most useful implements. The task of giving comfort to the women, old men and children, who had so long lived cut off from the mother country and from civilization, was no less urgent. Civil officers, schoolmasters, priests, devoted welfare workers, marshalled in squads and directed to each county, borough and village, hastened to bring word of friendliness, human sympathy and patriotic encouragement to those who had never lost hope, but who needed to be buoyed up at the time when the sudden unbending of the strained nerves in the ruined bodies threatened to produce collapse of the physical and moral being. The hard-tried population were not long in recovering their balance and energy. They were eager, even before the men—the survivors of the huge conflict—could be disbanded from the army, to set to work and begin to repair the devastations.

No one who had not lived the ordeal can realize the extent of the ruins. Large and prosperous cities like Rheims, Soissons, Peronne, Roye and dozens of others razed to the ground; villages, reduced to a heap of debris; factories blown up, with only the foundation and uprooted steel beams left to mark the place, fruit trees sawed down at mid-height; the soil so upturned by the barrage fires and trench digging, so poisoned with gas and deadly chemicals, so riddled with shell-holes, so studded with unexploded shells, that it was unfit for cultivation. Where the houses were still standing, the roofs had been blown in, the windows smashed, the doors and floors taken away. Where the roofs remained, the houses were robbed of everything they had contained; the furniture, the carved presses and cupboards, the linen and napery once kept precious in fragrant lavendar, the red copper pans and kettles that used to be the wealth and pride of the household, all pilfered. The women of Lens told the first rescuers who came to them a wonderful tale of patient fortitude, the more impressive in its simplicity.

> We had lost everything, we were cut off from any communication with our people and our country, we lived in the cellars eating scanty food. . . . Once, there was a tremendous uproar of cannon and exploding shells; it lasted four days and four nights, during which we remained buried under the earth. We sat trembling, haggard, pressing our children close to us; we did not sleep, or speak, or move—but we were happy. For we thought: this will be the end, and we shall see our dear ones, our men, our sons, our soldiers, again. . . . It was not the end! Other more terrible bombardments came. . . . Hope is the only thing that we never lost. And the end came! Now our dear ones will return. The mines will be reopened, and we shall work again and earn bread for our children—enough bread to fill in these sunken cheeks!

Bread was distributed to the hungry mothers and children, and blankets to wrap themselves warm, and mattresses to sleep on restfully. But a long time was to elapse before the mines could be reopened. . . . The destruction of the shafts had been too scientifically done—in the last days of the war—to allow any prompt repairing. The first thing that was undertaken was to put the soil into condition for cultivation again. When the women could till their gardens and the farmers plough the fields, a great step forward would have been taken.

It took a year to fill in shell-holes and remove the unexploded shells (a dangerous operation that cost many a life). The soldiers were set to ploughing the reclaimed land in the North—wherever the raging battle had not made reclamation impossible with steam ploughs bought in America by the government. In the wide plains of Picardy and Flanders all property divisions were temporarily disregarded and a sort of communistic regime, under state control, was established in order to hasten results. In the Ardennes and Argonne, where narrow valleys lie between hills, now shorn of their mane of woods, the farmers returned with spade and hoe, no ploughs being available. When ploughs could be procured, there were no horses.

A typical story of the hardships which were endured in the devastated regions—and of the human charity those evils elicited from kind hearts—is that of a soldier who had been one of my wife's "war godsons." He came back from Salonica to Paris, where he married, and then to his native place, Rocroi, where his parents had been living. His father was dead; his mother turned feeble-minded; the farm buildings half ruined; the cow-house and the stable empty. He and his wife made themselves a temporary shelter in the barn, with a layer of straw as bed, and began to restore the vegetable garden. After some time, they received one cow out of a car-load of animals shipped from

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A whole family, near Bassolis, out gathering the precious crop of sugar beets in the rain

Germany. But when the season of hay-making arrived, they had no horse. The only horses in the village were discarded army animals (some saved by a timely surgical operation, but reduced in strength). None were for sale; those owned by neighbors were already overworked. A kind-hearted American heard of the hard situation of our soldier-friend, through my wife, and offered the money (ten times more than before the war) to buy, in the South, a horse, a harness set and a cart. This meant the possibility of work, encouragement and hope, for the young couple. The generous American, before leaving France, paid a visit to the restored homestead: she attended the baptizing of the first baby; she learned that another baby was expected a few months ahead. Life was being revived where but lately death and devastation had played fearful havoc.

IT took two years of hard, continuous work to pump out the water from some of the mines, which were flooded, but had their shafts still extant. Where the shafts have been blown up, ten years' work will be needed. The timber to prop the galleries, as soon as they were dried out, was shipped from the pine-wood country south of Bordeaux in special trains, run night and day. What joy for the workers when the production seams could at last be reached and the first coal hauled from the bottom! The miners and their families were still living in cellars or in the dug-outs of the soldiers—cold, damp shelters where there was little comfort. But they did not think of comfort or of ease: they saw that a job was now at hand for their diminished numbers; life again assumed significance for them; they were at length able to settle down and forget the nightmare of the war. Better times would come in due season.

Coal was now procurable for the factories of the northern region—once the most active industrial area in France, with its textile mills, sugar refineries and iron works. As quickly as steel rails and rafters could be produced by Le Creusot, industrial plants began to rise from the ruins. All hands were employed in clearing the debris. Skilled workmen did not scorn the work of common laborers. All were equal in misfortune, under pressure of dire necessity. All received the same wages—high wages, compared with pre-war figures, but barely adequate to the high cost of living. All ate the same brown bread and gave their full deal of muscular exertion. The women of France had been prompt, during the war, to offer their services wherever they were needed to work in the men's stead. The moment had not yet come when they might resume their former occupations and home duties. France had lost 57 per cent of her able-bodied male population from twenty to forty years of age. The country was short of hand labor. The women did not think of their weariness, but bravely worked at whatever they were asked to do, which did not require any other qualification than endurance and energy. They were to be seen everywhere, tilling the fields, driving the teams, helping clear the choked-up streets of villages and cities—until the factories were humming again and they could take easier jobs at the weaving-looms or at the counters.

It is not unusual to see children, between school hours, lending a hand in the hard work, amid the dust, in rain or scorching sun. Our American friends have been extremely good to the children. For babies in the cradle they have opened nurseries, where the mothers can leave them in expert and gentle hands while they themselves are working away from home. To the little tots under school age they have distributed clothes, playthings and an occasional box of candy. For bigger boys and girls they have started scout sections, which give them the best physical exercise along with entertaining recreation and invaluable discipline. All these organizations for child welfare and social service are now carried on by French committees. Sundays are now brightened for the children by beautiful excursions to the country, camp life in the open and those Robinson-like occupations which they are so fond of. But their week-days are busy with harder work than is usual for children.

The rebuilding of factories was done partly with the help of foreign labor. Large numbers of Italian Polish, Portuguese, Spanish, Czecho-Slovak workers were attracted to the devastated regions of France by the high wage scale. There were few skilled workmen among them; but the process of "dilution" learned during the war is widely practised for the erection of steel buildings, laying of railroad tracks, making of bridges and the like. There is such a demand for masons, stone-cutters and carpenters in the North and East that the rest of France is depleted of them; Paris and the large cities, on that account, are experiencing an acute scarcity of lodgings. Materials also are rare and attain fantastic prices. Substitutes for stones and baked bricks are sought in special building-blocks made of debris and cement poured into a wooden

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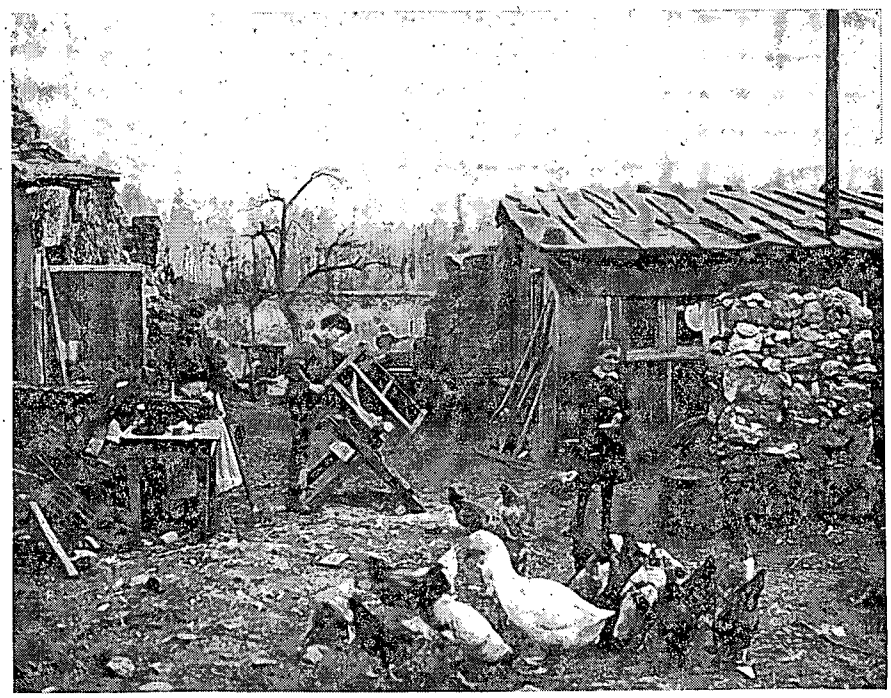
mould and left to harden in the sun. These, at first, were made by hand; today machinery is available to manufacture them in large quantities, and narrow-gaged railroads transport them where they are needed. By all these means, about three-fourths of the factories have been rebuilt and two-thirds of them are working at almost full production.

Industrial activity in the North depends greatly on the production of sugar-beets, which gave France, before the war, nearly her whole supply of sugar. The parallel progress of the reclamation of the soil and the rebuilding of the factories made it possible, last year, to get a nearly normal crop of beets and to provide the new sugar factories with the necessary raw materials to occupy a personnel considerably reduced in number. This, along with the reopening of the textile mills (supplied with partly French, partly English and American machinery), and with the great demand for labor for the clearing of village sites and field work, explains why there is at the present time of universal depression little unemployment in France.

What proceeded more slowly was the reconstruction of private dwellings. The country had first to be provided with the means of resuming active and productive life; comfort and convenience had to come last. In time, when there was less congestion on the railroads, wooden huts formerly used in army camps and for field hospitals were transported to the North and erected at some distance from the mined villages and towns, leaving the former sites free for the work of reconstruction—when it is possible to undertake it. Regular villages of wooden shacks with tarred-paper roofs or of barrel-shaped shelters (formerly used as protection against heavy shell-fire in the trenches) have been erected. The more fortunate settlers live in temporary brick dwellings, a little better for the winter or the hot summer months. My brother, a road engineer at Peronne—a once beautiful city, now completely leveled to the ground—has his home, with his wife and two children, in one of these structures. He travels every day in his motor car, on roads that are gradually being restored to the solidity and beauty which was one of the distinctive features of the French country landscape. When he was appointed to the Peronne district, two years ago, he had to plan and supervise the building of sixty bridges, besides the remaking of three hundred miles of roads. He and his friends, in their dreary surroundings of upturned ground and ruined city, were not slow to reintroduce the amenities of French civilization: they imported the first Pleyel piano into the region and had string-quintettes, of an evening, which attracted groups of eager listeners under their windows.

The schools have never been closed, not even under German occupation, when our school teachers, by their patriotic devotion, kept away the helmeted schoolmasters that the Germans tried to impose upon the populations. Church services are conducted on ruined altars, under canvas roofs spread between the shattered pillars of the once lofty Gothic chapels or cathedrals. In the market places, between skeleton houses, the farmers bring basketfuls of vegetables, chickens and rabbits, on mule-back or in roughly hewn carts, to be sold to the miners' and navvies' wives, or to occasional bourgeois women, who are beginning again to wear hats and to dress with an eye to Paris fashions. Life is gradually conquering waste and destruction. The Ministry of Liberated Regions is doing its best, amid great difficulties, to render more and more habitable that home country of plentiful crops and large families—the northern and eastern provinces—the most precious reservoir of growing population, which the Germans had done everything in their power to sterilize forever.

This work has been going on while the German newspapers were hinting that "France was wilfully burying herself in her ruins." It has been done at great expense. Part of the money ought to have come from Germany. But, as is well known, Germany has paid hardly anything on what she is bound in duty and in honor to refund to France in compensation for the ruthless destruction perpetrated during the war. France then has had to find the means to finance the formidable outlay of the reconstruction. To her huge national debt, incurred during the war, she has had to add the new burden of large loans floated in behalf of the devastated regions. On July 1, 1922, the expenditure on that account amounted to 80 billion francs; it reached, on January 1923, 104 billions. The French of the



A tar-paper shack among the ruins of Jumencourt provides temporary shelter for this family while they clear their shell-torn land and try to rebuild a home

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uninvaded provinces—more than ever bound to the national virtue of thriftiness—could bring in their savings and respond to repeated appeals in favor of the suffering regions. But five loans within three years have exhausted the reserves. It is a problem now whether the people will still be able to come forward with fresh money, and also whether the government will have sufficient financial strength to bear the burden of the accumulated interests.

Yet only half the repairs have been done. My wife's own war-godson—whose plight in 1920 I recorded above—wrote us during the winter that the government stopped the payments for the reparations after he had received only part of the amount granted him by the regional commission. His roof was leaking, and the whole interior of the house gradually crumbling down. We sent him what we could spare to stop the gap over his head, until a new loan is called. But when will this be possible?

The story of our protégé is one among many thousands. There has been no remissness on the part of the Minister of Liberated Regions or of the offices under his supervision. The difficulty lies in the hugeness of the work. There were 2,785,164 demands sent to the regional commission. In May 1921, 844,499 cases had been decided. Today, only a few difficult cases, where complicated inquiries have to be made, remain unsolved. The commissions carefully saw into each case, fixing the indemnities after careful hearings. They often reduced the sums finally awarded to a fraction of the original demands, taking into consideration the depreciation in the value of the property.

A few figures will give an idea of the extent of the loss, as well as of the size of the task, remembering that France is a country of thirty-seven million inhabitants, occupying an area similar to that of one large American state. In the devastated regions, 824,196 stone or brick dwellings were destroyed. A few could be repaired; but many had to be built anew. In January 1922, 79,166 wooden houses had been erected, 37,178 houses rebuilt of old materials put to new use, 23,955 temporary *baraques* or wooden huts, while 11,700 more houses were in the process of building. In July 1922, 498,721 dwellings were completed.

The area of cultivated soil in the devastated regions amounted to 5,074,939 acres. Hundreds of thousands of unexploded shells were extracted from the ground. 300,000,000 cubic metres of shell-holes and trenches were filled in. About the same amount of square metres of barbed wire were removed. In January 1921, 2,498,890 acres of tillable soil had been restored to cultivation. In July 1922, 4,366,998 acres yielded normal crops.

Of the factories, 22,900 had been destroyed or burned. In January 1921, 18,091 were standing again on the former sites. In January 1922, 19,442; in July 1922, 19,923. The eastern and northern railroads had suffered most of all. The damage affected 2,900 kilometres of double track and 5,600 kilometres of single track, 590 depots and office buildings, 150 storehouses, 12 tunnels and 1,510 bridges. The technical ability and unremitting labor called for by this work was equaled by the administrative organization and management. Special mention ought to be made of the central purchasing agency placed at the service of the industrial *sinistrés* by enterprising business men under government control. The same service was rendered to small purchasers by cooperative societies that ordered standardized materials and manufactured goods, while taking care to avoid monotony and not to sacrifice the claims of taste or art.

France is thrown back upon her own resources and her own energy. She has had a hard time of it, but she is teeming with activity. The thrifty and hard-working people of central and southern France bring in their reserves of money to the public treasury, whenever a call is made, to finance the work of reconstruction. Great improvement is being made in the means of transportation and industrial production as compensation for destroyed wealth or natural deficiencies. Hydraulic power is being developed in the Alps, the Pyrenees and the Central Range. A powerful stream like the Rhone is expected to yield power to electrify the Paris-Lyons-Marseilles Railroad, run the plants of Lyons and St. Etienne and provide a huge surplus of electric power for Paris. Our experts have discovered a process to coke the bituminous coal of the North and of the Saar valley, so as to make it available for the furnaces of the Briey region. Our chemical industry is fast becoming equal to the needs of the country. A vast scheme is on foot—already partially carried out—to turn to account, in the most economical way, the resources of our colonies.

To bring these projects to completion, to rebuild the destroyed cities, to provide the needed capital to renascent or growing industries, to replenish the hard-tapped public exchequer, France needs all her men and all her savings. These savings, at the present moment, are swallowed into the gulf of reparations; too many of the young men of France are still kept in the army. France will not have such a state of things go on forever. This is why she is demanding that Germany do as much as she herself is doing, and pay the debt due for the frightful destruction ruthlessly perpetrated. And this is why she insists on the complete disarmament of Germany which alone will permit her to reduce her own army. Let the world, America included, understand the situation of France, help her to come into her own and secure the necessary guarantees. Let the world remember the ideals France has always stood for and the absolutely peaceful spirit she has shown in the last fifty years. France is neither militaristic nor imperialistic—such words are absurd, applied to her. France has been prompt to take the lesson of history, in 1870-71, and to renounce any criminal ambition. She asks only that all peoples be as willing to be taught by facts and as ready to follow the trend of modern ideas, democratic and peaceful, as she herself is.

Once her security is assured, France will be found patient, moderate, cooperative, free from hate, internationally inclined, actuated only by the most legitimate of national motives: the will-to-live.

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MARY O'D

MY PEOPLE

ROBERT HENRI, some of whose American child portraits are here reproduced (from His Life and Works, published by Boni & Liveright) is a painter of character as it expresses itself in the passing mood. He has no set formula, no preconception of what is or what is not pictorially interesting in human life; he paints with seeming carelessness but with remarkable accuracy, and in the last two decades has become the foremost interpreter through individual portraiture of the races that make up the American nation. The quotations from his writings (p. 282) give some indication of the philosophy of this remarkable man who, himself of French, English and Irish blood and a frequent traveler through the length and breadth of our continent, has become a prophet of human brotherhood.

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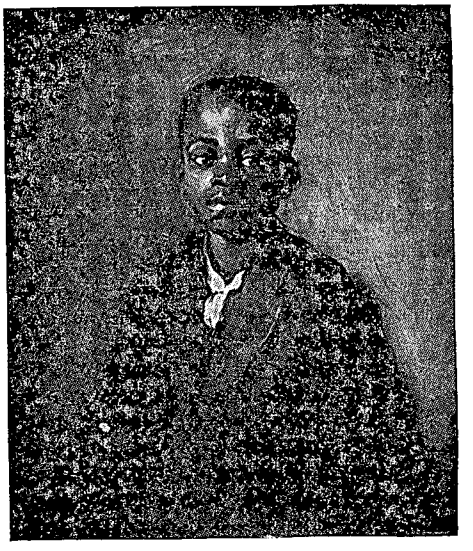
JOSÉ



WILLIE GEE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
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TONY

GIPSY GIRL

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An Artist's Social Maxims

I FIND, as I go out from one land to another seeking "my people," that I have none of that cruel, fearful possession known as patriotism; no blind intense devotion for an institution that has stiffened in chains of its own making. My love of mankind is individual, not national, and always I find the race expressed in the individual. And so I am "patriotic" only about what I admire, and my devotion to humanity burns up as brightly for Europe as for America.

EVERYWHERE I find that the moment order in Nature is understood and freely shown, the result is nobility — the Irish peasant has nobility of language and facial expression; the North American Indian has nobility of poise, of gesture; nearly all children have nobility of impulse. This orderliness must exist or the world would not hold together; and it is a vision of orderliness that enables the artist along any line, whatsoever, to capture and present through his imagination the wonder that stimulates life.

SINCE my return from the Southwest, where I saw many great things in a variety of human forms: a little Chinese-American girl who has found coquetry in new freedom; the peon, a symbol of a destroyed civilization in Mexico; and the Indian who works as one in slavery and dreams as a man in still places—I have been reproached with not adding to my study of these people the background of their lives. This has astonished me because all their lives are in their expressions, in their eyes, in their moods, or they are not worth translating into art.

ALL my life I have refused to be for or against parties, for or against nations, for or against people. I never seek novelty or the eccentric; I do not go from land to land to contrast civilization. I seek wherever I go only for symbols of greatness; and they may be found in the eyes of a child, in the movement of a gladiator, in the heart of a gypsy, in twilight in Ireland, or in the moon-rise over the desert.

EVERY ONE who has shown the world the way to beauty, to true culture, has been a rebel, a "universal" without patriotism, without home, who has found his people everywhere, a man whom all the world recognizes, accepts whether he speaks through music, painting, words or form. Each genius differs only from the mass in that he has found freedom for his greatness; the greatness is everywhere, in every man, in every child. What our civilization is doing mainly is smothering greatness. It is a strange anomaly: we destroy what we love and we reverence what we destroy. The genius who is great enough to cut through our restraint wins our applause; yet if we have our own way we restrain him.

EACH man must seek for himself the people who hold the essential beauty, and each man must eventually say to himself, as I do: "These are my people, and all that I have I owe to them."

From the writings of Robert Henri

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Every Seven Years

By LEE WEISS

THIS fall I did not return to college. As invariably happens in the experience of any college graduate, I found that my friends and acquaintances lost their interest in my education. Before my graduation they had continually asked me what I was doing and what I was going to do in the future. When they ceased their usual treatment of me as an individual of special rights and commissions, I tried to find the reason for their action.

At least once before I had contemplated the meaning of education. This was after one of our college teas at which the guest of honor, Miss Agnes Repplier, had asked what we thought constituted an educated person. She asked us, she said, "because it was being done to us." We did not seem to be able to give an answer.

I went to my room to study. As I gazed over my books into space, I pictured my education as a robe which awed and captivated all passers-by. My college course seemed to be a succession of fittings where some professors stuck pins into me; others pulled at the garment here and there; still others smoothed it gently into gracefully falling folds and lines.

This gown theory of education held up for me until after graduation. Then I saw the subject of my education in its naked truth. Education is not an external garment that can be put on and taken off at will. Skillful fitters can make a beautiful gown on a dummy, but, alas, I have seen them try to fashion a beautiful education on a dummy, entirely without success.

Education is skin. It is just plain everyday homely skin! Every person's skin goes through an entire change every seven years, from forces within and without; so does a person's education—but no one can observe the exact process of change, or detect a consummation of it, for it is a continuous and imperceptible change.

No wonder, then, that people no longer stop to comment upon my education. Since the announcements of my return to college each fall are no more, there is nothing to catch their attention.

Skin is not unusual; everyone has skin.

In the same way that everyone has skin, just so has everyone education: Education depends on "what is underneath." Education cannot give ability or talent any more than a good skin can answer the purpose of a weak and inadequate organ underneath it.

To say everyone has a skin, is not to say that every person is a healthy person; to say everyone has education, is not to say every person is an educated person.

The educated person "is divided into three parts." He has skin over his vital organs; that is, he has knowledge about a subject or subjects to enable him to support himself and to create something. Secondly, he has skin over his extremities, that he may reach to joy and appreciation of the beauties of life about him. Thirdly, he has skin over his head, that he may see and hear the vital and non-vital interests of others.

I wondered that night at college, now that I recall it, why I did not consider educated several chemical engineers who I knew were brilliant engineers, or a certain inventor of remarkable physics apparatus, or some girls who sang beautifully and who knew the rudiments of music.

The engineers knew little and cared for nothing outside their vocation. When they had time for play they "sat around." They were trained men. In their training they wandered too far from the classic conception of education as learning how to live, to the vocational conception of it as learning how to make a living. They were extremists—but they had no extremities. They had no feeling for the universe as the universe but merely for it as their science touched it.

The inventor had a knack for invention. He could pick up a piece of wire and make of it a new useful bit of apparatus for physics laboratories. He knew how to do it and he enjoyed doing it. He did not create to help mankind but because he enjoyed letting his fingers play. He did not care what his contemporaries thought, or did, nor did he care that through the labor of men of past ages great divides in land and in thought are spanned for his generation. He was capable, but not educated. The end of education is not to serve self-interest. He rode on an ability, which was a gift at birth, but saw not as he rode. He was the headless horseman.

The girls sang because singing is a pleasant pastime and a delightful social asset. They had no central interest; they were without body. They had skin on their throats—they knew how to sing—but they had no palate underneath, they had not the taste for music.

"A successful man," an old saying goes, "must have his heart in his work." An educated man must have his heart also in his pleasures. In the words of Carlyle:

> To know a thing, what we call knowing, a man must first love the thing, sympathize with it, be virtuously related to it. Nature with her truth remains to the bad, to the selfish and the pusillanimous forever a sealed book; what such can know of nature is mean, superficial, small.

The educated man is interested in his work—scientific or artistic; his play—artistic or scientific; and the work and play of others.

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I no longer feel harshly toward my friends who already have forgotten the event of my graduation. They were solicitous about my education while I was in college for the same reason that they make more inquiries about the skin of a baby born in a hospital than about the skin of one born at home: the environment is a bit more unusual.

The four weeks or the four years up, the interest ceases.

After the four weeks—soon the baby must talk and walk.

After the four years—the college graduate must think and do.

College is a four-year doctored confinement, in the seven-year cycle.

A baby can reveal his sight and hearing. It will be a year or two before it can be seen whether his legs will carry him. And only years can tell whether all his organs are normal.

A college graduate shows his head. He is naturally expected to have this part—the part that sees and hears the work and play of others. He has had four years' leisure and release from any care to read and learn of the fancies, the thoughts, the work and the problems of others. He should necessarily have regard and interest for men in the field, factory and forum. He shows his head (with usual conceited emphasis on the "brain" part of it).

But you want to know if his interest is the kind that will act for the welfare and help of others, or if what you see is only his mortar board and tassel. You want to know if he has kinship with people.

You want to know of his vital organs, whether he can exist and create, whether he is an authority on a subject—whether he has kinship with a subject.

You want to see if his extremities will carry him, you want to see if from his maze of facts he has caught a light—if he has felt a fervor for something in this universe or of this universe that has carried him beyond kinship with subjects, beyond kinship with people, to kinship with Creation and the Creator.

Almost always you find him "raw" on one or two of the parts. He probably had the facts to cover him, but there were so many facts, and he did not know how to arrange them—he did not know why he should be getting them, where he could put them, or what he was going to do with them.

During my college course, my fellow students and I sought persistently to discover a "talent" within us, a "something" in which to major and on which to hitch facts so that they would not slide from us. Had we considered what we actually had, instead of searching for something intangible, we should not have had to go through school without direction, and we might have made the facts a part of ourselves.

YOU parents, or you friends who speak of the education of college people with scorn and a bit more distrust, you cannot say to boys and girls that they must, in order to be educated, know certain things or people, do certain things (or people), like certain things or people. That is too absurd—and the paper on which you have your list may be lost.

You can, however, show them lines of necessary development.

You can acquaint them with the nature of their being—or have you parents still a distaste for discussing the facts of life with your children?

You should say to children, after explaining the parts of the body, "In order to function as a man or woman among men and women, you need keep these parts covered with skin—not animal fur nor angels' feathers—but human skin." Human skin of which you speak varies in different climes and countries; it varies in color and texture. But the anatomy of the human body is the same everywhere, and it can be explained and understood by the lowliest and the mightiest, so that they may proceed to rules of health, and to health.

EDUCATIONS vary. Educations go through changes: they may be deranged—by a vile idea or a deadly ingrowing ambition; they may be mere graftings—as in the case of ladies who attend current topic lectures and whose homes preserve the book review sections of the Sunday supplements; they may be tatooed freakish ideas.

Over educations are usually worn clothes. All one knows is not aired in the open gathering places. But the anatomy of education must be and is universal, and it is explainable and comprehensible to both the child and the grown-ups so that they can proceed to the rules of education, and to education itself.

The discussion which surrounds college people everywhere is about the complexion of education, instead of about the anatomy of it.

You can discover the anatomy of an individual's education; you can divide it into three parts, each part with its purpose; and you can show how education is necessary for the preservation of the parts and the fulfillment of the purposes. You can say to the boy or girl:

"You have vital organs, that you may preserve yourself and perpetuate yourself. You must cover these with practical working knowledge so that you can live in a subject, and by it, and create in it.

"You have a head: you have eyes that you may see into the hearts of men, and ears that you may hear their inspiration—and their cries. You must cover and fill your head with the facts of men's lives lest you follow this instinct ignorantly and ineffectively; lest you lose it altogether.

"You have arms and legs; that you may climb over steep places, that you may grope through darkness to light, that you may point to the skies. You must cover your arms and legs with the facts of universal laws and truths and beauties so that you will feel your place in the immensity of things and feel reverence for them and the Power that directs them."

Then you would be giving a plan. Then you would not have to despair, and we should not have to despair with you—of us, the Fatted Four-Yearlings.

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MEMORIAL DAY

By William E. Brooks

I HEARD a cry in the night from a far-flung host,
From a host that sleeps through the years the last long sleep,
By the Meuse, by the Marne, in the Argonne's shattered wood,
In a thousand rose-thronged churchyards through our land.
Sleeps! Do they sleep? I know I heard their cry,
Shrilling along the night like a trumpet blast:

"We died" they cried "for a dream! Have ye forgot?
We dreamed of a world reborn whence wars had fled,
Where swords were broken in pieces and guns were rust,
Where the poor man dwelt in quiet, the rich in peace,
And children played in the streets, joyous and free.
We thought we could sleep content in a task well done;
But the rumble of guns rolls over us, iron upon iron
Sounds from the forge where are fashioned guns anew;
New fleets spring up in new seas, and under the wave
Stealthy new terrors swarm, with embowelled death.
Fresh cries of hate ring loud from the demagogue's throat,
While greed reaches out afresh to grasp new lands.
Have we died in vain, in vain? Is our dream denied?
You men who live on the earth we bought with our woe,
Will ye stand idly by while they shape new wars,
Or will ye rise, who are strong, to fulfill our dream,
To silence the demagogue's voice, to crush the fools
Who play with the blood-stained toys that crowd new graves?
We call, we call in the night, will ye hear and heed?"

In the name of our dead will we hear? Will we grant them sleep?

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Japhethie's Conviction of Sin

By NEVA R. DEARDORFF

JAPHETHIE simply could not acquire a conviction of sin. Try as she would, she found it impossible to conjure up within herself a sense of guilt. And yet how was she to be saved if she did not make public confession at the revival meeting which was going to continue only a week or so at most. If she were not saved now perhaps her chance would be gone forever. Over and over the evangelist had said that "no man knoweth the hour when cometh the day of judgment." She felt an impelling necessity to act before it was too late. But what was she to confess!

Japhethie's predicament was acute. In all of her fifteen years she had not done anything the confession of which would serve the present emergency. As one of the older children of a Tennessee mountain family, the greater part of her life had been spent in helping her mother take care of the regularly appearing babies. Of a kindly and docile temperament, Japhethie had found this a not uncongenial task, and both her mother and the little ones regarded her as a mainstay of their existence.

When, three years before, the family had participated in the migration which is carrying thousands of mountain families north of the Ohio River, Japhethie had found herself in new and strange surroundings. Her none too energetic father had decided that to continue farming was somewhat arduous for a middle-aged parent with a ripening family, so he picked out a fair-sized village which offered him opportunities for occasional employment as a laborer but offered steady jobs to his boys and girls in the two or three small factories of the town. After some slight argument between him and the school officials, he thought it wisest to defer putting his children out to work before they were sixteen.

So Japhethie had gone to school, and here she was all that the most exacting disciplinarian could have required. Eager to learn anything, everything suggested, conscientious and painstaking, she was one of those preternaturally good school children. Mrs. Gray, the village matron, to whom Japhethie's mother spared her to help in the canning season and on other occasions of special strain, heralded her as "good as gold" and "better help than many a grown woman."

Until the revival started, Japhethie had been content with her good reputation, had even taken a modest pride in it, but now she found it a plague.

As she had sat night after night and listened to the vivid descriptions of the soul desolation of the original sinner and the transcendent exaltation which attended the spiritual regeneration offered by the revivalist, when she saw the jubilant, shouting ecstasy of hitherto prosaic and common-place men and women, she felt that this experience must be captured; she, too, must know this transformation, this release from the humdrum, ordinary aspect of life. But always in her path stood the need of that confession.

AT LAST, seeing no other way out, Japhethie determined to take things in hand. It was the last night but one of the meetings and something had to be done. Early in the evening on her way to the tent which housed the revival, she passed through the business street of the village and directly in front of the principal drug store of the town. Japhethie loved the odor of the place, the entrancing blend of medicaments and perfumes. Hitherto she had entered the place only to attend to strictly utilitarian errands; now she entered without any particular reason. No one seemed to be about at the moment. Suddenly it flashed upon her! Here in this intoxicatingly wonderful place, a sin could be committed! There just at her hand on a little glass table stood a bowl heaping full of exquisitely tiny pink and white powder puffs! A lightning glance fore and aft, then Japhethie brushed by the table and, as she did so, a powder puff almost without assistance passed from the bowl to her gingham dress pocket.

She hurried to the meeting. Wonderfully mixed feelings surged over her, fear that she might have been seen, a glorious feeling of equality and brotherhood with other sinners and a high anticipation of that confession. As the emotional temperature of the meeting rose higher and higher, it pulled Japhethie with it, and at last she was carried past the boundaries of her usual reserve. With flushed cheeks and shining eyes she made her confession and received the customary ministrations of the evangelist and "the saved."

Mr. and Mrs. Gray had been riding in their new Ford that evening and had stopped on the road outside the tent to see and hear the latest developments. It caused them not a little astonishment and concern when Japhethie arose and announced to the world that theft had been one of the sins from which she was now redeemed. Mrs. Gray sent one of the young women forward to get Japhethie to come out of the meeting. On being closely questioned Japhethie told of the powder puff. Without further parley, Mrs. Gray directed her husband to proceed immediately to call upon Mr. Whitehall, the proprietor of the drug store. As she entered the store, the good-natured owner was "setting things to rights" and was just in the act of restoring to the small glass table the placard which accompanied the bowl of powder puffs. "Take a lot, take two," said the placard, "with the compliments of the Magneta Cosmetic Company."

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Etching by Blampied, reproduced by courtesy of Kennedy & Co.

Chicago: Hobo Capital of America

We are two bums, two jolly old chums,
We live like Royal Turks;
We have good luck, a-bumming our chuck,
And to hell with the man who works.

SPRING has come to Chicago. Creeping under the murk of Englewood, freshening the ripples on the lake, outlining the parks and threading the boulevards with green, touching with languor the hurrying feet which obey the shrill whistle of the traffic policeman at every corner in the Loop, it has found its way even into the dingy flop-houses of West Madison Street.

Chicago, hobo capital of America, has begun to pour its winter guests into every corner of the country. The fifty or sixty thousand homeless men who have huddled in town for warmth and shelter during the cold months are drifting away: by midsummer half of them will be gone. On West Madison Street the younger men are restlessly parading the sidewalks and scanning the signs, chalked on the windows or smeared over colored posters, which offer jobs—jobs with long rides thrown in.

Chicago seems to have more than its share of homeless men. No city is more accessible to the migrant. Thirty or forty railroads lead in, when the cold is coming, and lead out in the spring. The jaunt across the city which pampered travelers make in a jolting Parmelee bus the hobo makes at his leisure, often with three or four months thrown in. It is easier to go through Chicago than to go around it. Hundreds of freight trains come and go every day. In no other city will a dollar go so far, and every penny of the tramp's dollar must do double duty. It is the leading hobo labor exchange: a larger variety of jobs and a better assortment of "good shipments" are to be found there than in other cities where hoboes congregate. From 300,000 to 500,000 migrants pass through the city in a normal year.

So the Chicago Council of Social Agencies has set itself to study the homeless man in Chicago. Under the direction of a special committee of the Council, headed by Professor E. W. Burgess of the University of Chicago, Nels Anderson and other students of the university made an investigation. From Mr. Anderson's book—The Hobo, the Sociology of the Homeless Man—edited by Professor Burgess and just coming from the press [Chicago University Press], we take this summary. The program of action which has grown out of the study is discussed on another page of this issue.

On the road the hobo creates his own community—the jungle. In the city he must take what he can from a community not of his making. How does he fare?

The jungle is to the tramp what the camp ground is to the vagabond who travels by auto. But while the evening camp fire is for the tourist merely a novelty, it becomes for the hobo a permanent institution, a necessary part of his daily life. A good jungle is in a dry and shady place that permits sleeping on the ground, with plenty of water for

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cooking and bathing and wood enough to "keep the pot boiling." If there is a store near by where bread, meat and vegetables may be had, so much the better. For those who have no money but enough courage to "bum lumps," it is well that the jungles be not too far from a town, though far enough to escape the attentions of the natives and officials, the town "clowns."

The permanent jungles are seldom deserted, at least in summer. There is usually some one there to keep the fire burning, while others are occupied at various tasks, cooking, washing, boiling clothes, shaving, sewing, bathing, and reading. The jungle is always astir with life and movement. The hobo enters into this life as into no other; here he turns his back on the world and faces his fellows and is at ease.

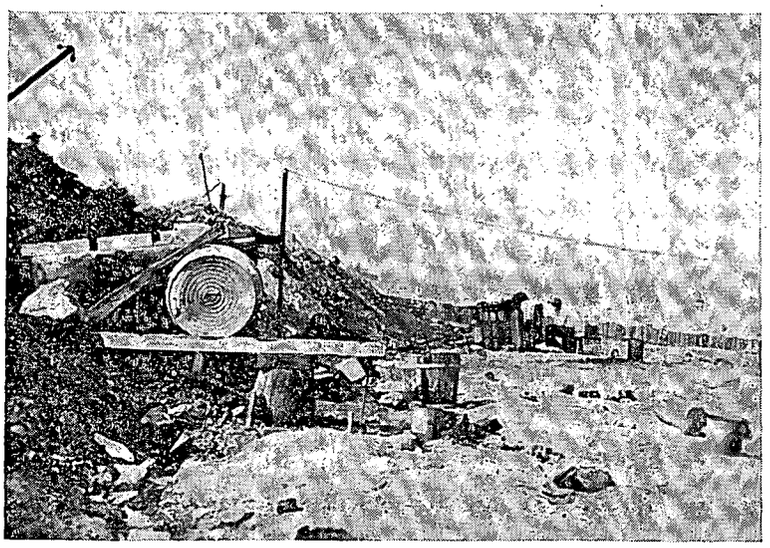
Jungle populations are constantly changing. Every hour new faces appear to take the place of those that have passed on. The new arrivals walk up to the fire, look over the bunch to find, perhaps, some old acquaintance. Then some of them find seats or lie down; others hunt up cans which they fill with water and place over the glowing coals. The men take ground coffee from packages in their pockets and pour it into boiling water. The feed is open to everybody. Bread and sausage are brought out; even sugar is passed around as long as it lasts.

Each takes the utensils he used and walks to the creek to wash them. Every new member is of interest for the news he brings or the rumors that he spreads. Each is interested in the other so far as he has something to tell about the road over which he has come, the work conditions, the behavior of the police. There is always an audience, and long practice has developed in some of these vagabonds an art of narrative that has greatly declined elsewhere. But with all this talk there is seldom any effort to discuss personal relations. Every man's past is his own affair; nobody asks; nobody says "hello" or "good-by."

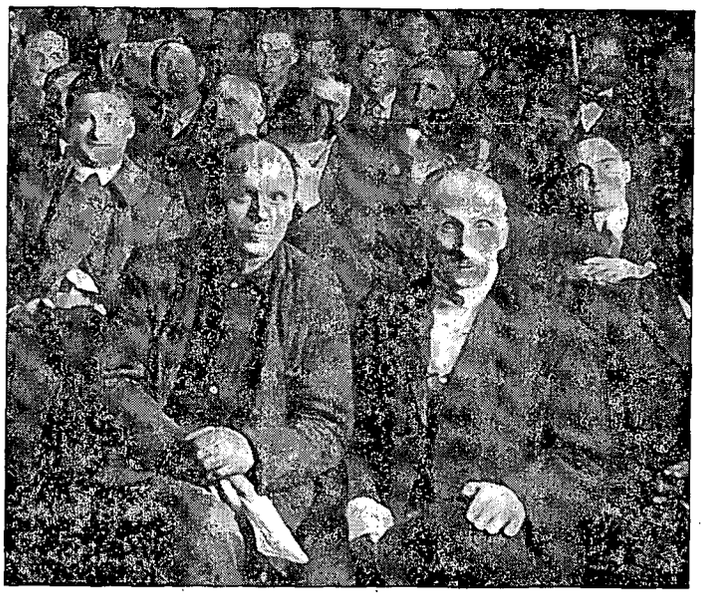
In these permanent camps there is likely to be an intricate group that makes the camp its headquarters. Sometimes these groups are able to take possession and exploit the transient guests. The I. W. W. has at times been able to exclude everyone who did not carry the red card of that organization. As a rule, however, the jungle is extremely hospitable and democratic.

Jungle Ethics

The freedom of the jungle is, however, limited by a code of etiquette, unwritten, but strictly obeyed. Intentional breaking of these rules leads to expulsion, forced labor, or physical punishment. Jungle crimes include making fire by



A "jungle" on the lake front in Chicago



Fifty or sixty thousand 'boes like these hibernate in

night in jungles subject to raids; "hi-jacking," or robbing men at night when sleeping in the jungles; "buzzing," or making the jungle a permanent hang-out for jungle "buzzards" who subsist on leavings of meals; wasting any food or destroying it after meals; leaving pots and other utensils dirty after using; cooking without first hustling fuel; destroying jungle equipment. Men are supposed to use cooking cans for cooking only, "boiling up" cans for washing clothing, coffee cans to cook coffee, etc. After using, guests are expected to clean them, dry them, and leave them turned bottom side up so that they will not fill with rain water and rust. They are expected to keep the camp clean. To enforce such commonsense rules self-appointed committees come into existence.

The part played by the jungles as an agency of discipline for the men of the road cannot be overestimated. Here hobo tradition is formulated and transmitted. In the jungles the slang of the road and the cant of the tramp class is coined and circulated.

Women are often found where the homeless men congregate in the cities but not in the jungles. Here the hobo is his own housewife. It is not difficult to pick from a group of transients the men who have just come from the jungles. Their clothes will be clean and may bear evidence of jungle sewing. Overalls that have seen service will be bleached almost white from numerous washings. The tramp learns to keep things in order. The man who cannot or will not learn these few elementary principles of housekeeping is likely to fare ill.

The Hobo in Town

But loafing in the jungles is usually a leisurely interlude on the way to town. The hobo's life revolves around his contacts on the "stem"—his Main Street—and he hikes himself to town whenever he is free to do as he pleases.

The city is the labor exchange for the migratory worker and the center of attraction for the migratory non-worker, who is often just as anxious to travel as if he worked. The labor exchanges facilitate the turnover of seasonal labor. They enable a man to leave the city "on the cushins" when he changes from one job to another. They attract to the city, not only the job-seeking man but the man-seeking job.

Only in the city can the homeless man find sociability. On the job there is little or no companionship.

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Chicago; many find the open road again each spring

He works usually in camps that are cheerless, unsanitary places seldom visited by women or children. On the job there is but one thing to think about the whole day through, the job itself. The mind drifts back to the associations on the "stem." The hobo goes to town with his mind made up to live a safe and sane life, but once in the motley crowd on the "stem" his resolutions fade and he drops back into the old routine, for there things seem to move easier. His friends and peers are there, and if he remains aloof he cannot enjoy their companionship. He does not know how to remain aloof.

As a social center the Hobohemia of Chicago is conspicuous. It is the I. W. W. headquarters; free speech is found here; there are many interests that this "stem" fosters. It is almost incumbent upon a tramp who has done much traveling to visit "Chi" at least once. Hobohemia in Chicago is divided into four parts—west, south, north and east—and no part is more than five minutes from the heart of the Loop.

The Slave Market to the West

To the men of the road West Madison Street is the "slave market." Here most of the employment agencies are located; here men in search of work bargain for jobs in distant places with the "man catchers" from the agencies. Most of the men on West Madison Street are young, or under middle age, and are looking for work. As a port of homeless men, West Madison has its own characteristic institutions and professions. The bootlegger is at home here; the "dope" peddler finds victims; the professional gambler and the "jack roller," the man who robs his fellows while they are drunk or asleep, ply their trade. The street has its share also of peddlers, beggars, cripples, and old broken men, men worn out with the vicissitudes of life on the road. But it is the most completely womanless and childless of all the city areas, definitely a man's street.

Jefferson Park, between Adams and Monroe and west of Throop Street, is an appendage of the "slave market." It is the favorite place for the "boes" to sleep in summer or to enjoy their leisure swapping adventures and reading newspapers. On the "stem" it is known as "Bum Park," and men who visit it daily know no other name for it. To a certain high spot of ground, generally designated as "Crumb Hill," the drunk and the drowsy seem inevitably to drift. But the men who go to "Bum Park" are for the most part sober and well behaved. It is too far out for the more confirmed Madison Street bums to walk.

The Retired Hobo on State Street

State Street south of the Loop is Hobohemia's playground. Here the hobo is cheered by the "bathing beauties" and the oriental dancers. Here, also, he finds improvement at the hands of the "lady barbers" who, it is reported, are using these men as a wedge to make their way into a profitable profession, that has belonged hitherto almost wholly to men.

South State Street differs from West Madison in many particulars. There are more women here, and family life is not altogether lacking. Among the men the prevailing color is an urban pink, rather than the grime and bronze of the man on the road. There are not so many restless youngsters. Men do not parade the streets in groups of threes and fours with their coats or bundles under their arms. There are no employment offices: they are not needed. Nobody wants to go anywhere. When these men work they are content to take a short job in the city. In the cheap hotels, in winter, men will be found who have been able to save enough during the summer to house themselves while it is cold. State Street is the rendezvous of the vagabond who has settled and retired, the "home guard," as they are rather contemptuously dubbed by the younger and more adventurous men who still choose to take the road.

The Intellectuals of the North Side

On the north side of the river, Clark Street below Chicago Avenue is the "stem." This is the region of the hobo intellectuals: the thinker, the dreamer, the chronic agitator. They are mostly "home guards." Few transients ever turn up here; they have no time for it. Washington Square, the center of the area, is "Bughouse Square" to the 'boes. This is as near to the so-called Latin Quarter as the hobo dares come. "Bughouse Square" is, in fact, quite as much the stronghold of more or less vagabond poets, artists, writers, revolutionists of various types as of the go-abouts. They know this region as the "village."

Bohemia and Hobohemia meet at "Bughouse Square." On Sundays and holidays, and on any evening when the weather permits, it teems with life. Except for a little corner where the women come to read or knit or gossip while the children play, the park is completely in possession of men. A polyglot

The law of the "jungle" is: keep camp clean

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population swarms here. Tramps and hoboes are scatteringly represented. Pale-faced denizens of the Russian tea rooms, philosophers and enthusiasts from the "Blue Fish" or the "Dill Pickle," free lance propagandists who belong to no group and claim no following, non-conformists, dreamers, fakers, beggars, bootleggers, "dope" fiends—all are here.

Around the edges of the square the curb-stone orators gather their audiences to talk of religion, politics, science, the economic struggle. One calls on miserable sinners to repent, another denounces all religion as superstition. To the hobo who thinks, even though he does not think well, the lower North Side is a great source of comfort. There he finds people to whom he can talk and to whom he is willing to listen.

The Idlers on the Lake Front

Grant Park, east of Michigan Avenue, is a loafing place for hoboes. They gather here from all parts of Hobohemia to read the papers, to talk, and to kill time. For men who have not had a bed it is a good place to sleep when the sun is kind and the grass is warm. In the long summer evenings Grant Park draws men who like to tell yarns and frolic. It is a favorite rendezvous for boy tramps.

The section of Grant Park facing the lake shore is no less popular. Along the shore from the Field Museum northward to Randolph Street the homeless men have access to the lake. They take advantage of the unimproved condition of the park and find between the railroad tracks and the lake a retreat and a social center. Here they wash their clothes, bathe, sew, mend shoes.

Behind the Field Museum on the section of the park that is still being used as a dump for rubbish the hoboes have established a series of camps or "jungles." Here, not more than five minutes from the Loop, are improvised shacks in which many men live. Others come only for the day. It is a good place to fish; they spend hours gazing at the water and trying to keep the little fish from biting.

What has this four-part "main stem" to offer the homeless man, as compared with the jungle which he makes for himself? First, of course, a bed under a roof instead of the open ground. Chicago has known three types of cheap hotels. The first was a species of rooming house, saloon and house of prostitution combined—the "barrel house," now a thing of the past. The second is operated for philanthropic motives, and sometimes charges a small fee, usually not enough to cover the operating expenses. Chief among the philanthropic hotels in Chicago at the present time are three owned and operated by the Salvation Army, one maintained by General C. G. Dawes, and one owned by the Chicago Christian Industrial League. Only two of these are housed in buildings originally built for the purpose. Both are large fireproof structures, clean and modern. They are typical of the paternalistic, quasi-charitable institutions, and are not over-popular. The third type of hotel is operated entirely as a business proposition. These are the most numerous and popular, and have come nearest to meeting the needs of the migrants. Unconventional and cheap, they seem to have the most promising future.

Listening to soap boxers is the prevailing pastime in Hobohemia

The men who are in the hotel business are not and do not claim to be philanthropists. Said one of the most successful:

> We are in the hotel business to make a living. We give the men the best service that they can afford to pay for. . . . We insist on order and sobriety, and we usually get it. We hold that the men have a right to criticise us and come to us if they are not satisfied with the service we give. That is business.

Cages and Flop-houses

The term "room" is a misnomer when applied to the sleeping apartments in the cheap hotels. Among the patrons they are known as "cages." A cage or cubicle is generally from six to eight feet in width and from eight to twelve feet in length, with walls some eight feet high. Over the top wire netting is stretched to prevent the guests from climbing from one cubicle to another. Sometimes there is only a bed, sometimes a bed and a chair; in the more expensive hotels a stand may be added. Lighting and ventilation are usually bad. The rooms are all they were intended to be: places for men to sleep with a limited degree of privacy.

"Flop-houses" are nearly all alike. The men either sleep on the floor or in bare wooden bunks. The only privilege they buy is the privilege to lie down somewhere in a warm room. "Hogan's Flop" is described thus:

> The original "Hogan's Flop" was located on South State Street; later it moved to the West Side and for some time was on Meridian Street. Since it left Meridian Street it has been located in several places. The original Hogan, who was a Spanish-American War veteran and a veteran "boomer," has passed to his reward. Only his name remains, and every winter someone starts a "flop" and the name "Hogan" is immediately applied to it by all who patronize it. One tramp said to me, "Hogan may be dead but the bugs that were in business with him are still on the job. They follow this joint wherever it goes. You know when they moved from Meridian Street it wasn't three days before the bugs got the new address and followed us."

You have to know where "Hogan's" is to find it. A squeaky door, a feebly lighted entrance, a night clerk who demands a dime—and you are in. You may take your choice of sleeping on this floor or go on up to the third; no difference in the price. I chose the second floor. It was less crowded. The fire, from a large heater in the center of the room, was warmer.

A number of men surrounded the stove. One was drying his shoes. It had rained all day and he had evidently been exposed to the elements. Another was drying his shirt. Two were engaged in listless conversation. Others were silent. The air was stuffy, the light dim. I walked around the room looking for a place to lie down. Dozens of men were sleeping on the floor with their heads to the wall. Some were lying on paper, others on the bare floor. Some were partly covered with their overcoats; some had no overcoats. It is an art to curl up under an overcoat. One man of fifty years or more had removed his shirt and trousers and was using the latter for a pillow His shoes he had tied to his trousers, which is evidence that he knew "flop-house" ethics. When men sleep in box cars they sometimes use their shoes for pillows, but this is not necessary in "Hogan's" for a planking is placed around the walls upon which they may rest their heads

Two men near me were engaged in a discussion about the peace conference going on at Genoa. One man had very positive, orderly ideas of how things should go. The other only interrupted occasionally to agree. Some one called to the talker asking him why he didn't hire a hall; and there was

(*Continued on page* 303)

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NEIGHBORS

ALMOST exactly fifty years ago—in May, 1873—the first American training school for nurses was founded at Bellevue Hospital by Louisa Lee Schuyler. The history of the profession is that of a series of pioneer women and their devoted followers, who, with the appointment of Annie Goodrich as dean of the Yale University School of Nursing, have carried recognition into the highest academic citadels and captured the first position held by a woman as director of a school in a men's university.

At New York Hospital Miss Goodrich first became associated with Lillian D. Wald, whose work at Henry Street Settlement has been so outstanding a feature in American social history. After achieving a distinguished record in the direction of hospital training schools for nurses, Miss Goodrich herself became director of the Henry Street Nursing Service, which has given social vision and training to public health nurses now at work in all corners of the world. As assistant professor of nursing at Teachers' College of Columbia University, in association with Adelaide Nutting, another pioneer nurse, she has aided in breaking ground in the recognition of nursing education as an academic function.

Within the lifetime of the first American nurses, the profession has reached a roll-call of nearly 165,000, ranking second only to teaching. By 1910 it had escaped the earlier census classification as a domestic occupation, and was listed under medicine; in 1920, nursing was classed with medicine, law, and theology as a learned profession. Its most recent advance in professional status—the university schools of nursing which have just been established at Yale and at Western Reserve—represent the amalgamation of its academic, social, and technical achievements which are combined so happily in the career of Miss Goodrich herself.

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Dean Goodrich

EVEN the social workers who visit Paris are likely to hear more of the Moulin Rouge than the Moulin Vert. The Moulin Vert is a street in a workingmen's quarter; at No. 92 it houses the central offices of a most remarkable group of associations, founded and carried on in large part by the enthusiastic leadership of Abbé Jean Viollet. The present visit of Abbé Viollet to this country gives an opportunity to Americans to learn something of the tremendously varied phases of his efforts to provide better and happier homes for the families of French workingmen.

In 1900 Abbé Viollet founded the *Association Ouvrière Famiale du Moulin Vert*. Under it has been evolved a range of activities which would put to shame a whole federation of social agencies—cooperative stores, a loan office, sick benefits and subsidies for women in confinement, free visiting nursing service, infant welfare stations, a kindergarten for children from three to six, and supervised study for children from six to thirteen, classes in domestic science, sewing and singing, Boy and Girl Scout troops, hikes, fresh air camps, a clothing bureau, workrooms, employment service, a library, and lectures and weekly literary and musical social gatherings for families. In connection with it a preventorium was opened in Morbihan for pre-tuberculous boys, and in 1908 a kindergarten association was established, with a training school for kindergarten teachers and a monthly magazine. In 1912 the Abbé founded an association to promote the building of workingmen's homes in another part of the city, and in 1913, back at the Moulin Vert, he organized a committee, of which he still is secretary, to aid applicants to obtain the old age, sickness, maternity and other benefits to which they were entitled under the French laws.

During the war Abbé Viollet served as an army chaplain, and was wounded in service, but 1919 saw the start of a new *oeuvre*—non-political and non-sectarian, like all the rest—to further the interests of the family through local associations in country districts or city wards to undertake many of the cooperative and other activities tried out at the Moulin Vert. By 1920 housing had become the pressing question of family life in Paris, and the Abbé established the *Amélioration du Logement Ouvrier,* of which he is president, which stimulates the building of homes and the condemnation of insanitary tenements, and helps workingmen's families, especially those with a number of children, to make their homes more healthful and attractive and to pay their rents. It has district visitors and a monthly magazine. The same year saw also the organization by Abbé Viollet and Mme. E. Viollet of an association to provide volunteer helpers for mothers of large families, to aid in the household duties and care of the children, and in 1921 the Abbé added still another good work to his list in *Le Retour à la Santé,* which provides open air cures for families and for individual adults.

Any one in the civilian work of the American Red Cross in Paris during the war must remember the eager help which Abbé Viollet gladly gave to the strangers who had come to work in many of the fields which he had known so well for twenty years. From the start he was one of the ardent supporters and directors of the Social Service Exchange (*Fichier Central d'Assistance*) established by the Red Cross and a Franco-American committee and now carried on under French direction, to coordinate for the whole city the work of the many excellent social agencies in decentralized Paris, the capital with a score of mayors and city halls. The extent to which the Abbé Viollet in his own work has succeeded in drawing together under one roof the strivings of a neighborhood for health, education, recreation, housing, and their many departments, in these semi-cooperative associations which include the interests of the whole family, must come with special interest to social workers in American neighborhoods.

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ANOTHER eminent European social worker now in this country at the invitation of the National Conference of Social Work is Dr. Alice Salomon, founder and director of the Berlin Training School for Social Workers and a member of nearly a score of important national and international boards and committees. The Berlin school arose some fifteen years ago from the recognition by the members of a girls' association for voluntary social service of the fact that they needed training to make the most of their opportunities. The project was encouraged by the late Hugo Münsterberg, a close friend of Dr. Salomon; a guarantee of 4000 marks set the enterprise on its feet; and until the war it had always been self-supporting. From these modest beginnings developed the pioneer school of social work in Germany, with a beautiful building of its own constructed in 1913—the first of forty such schools in Germany, thirty of which are affiliated in a national conference of which Dr. Salomon is the president. To give an idea of the present financial difficulties encountered by all voluntary social effort in Germany, Dr. Salomon mentions that the one and a half million marks contributed in fees barely suffice to pay the bill for electric light, while the cost of heating has gone up from 500 marks before the war to seven million. Voluntary services are no longer available since women of all classes are forced in the present situation to earn their own living.

Dr. Salomon

Dr. Salomon believes that after almost superhuman struggles during the last few years to keep alive voluntary social agencies, the greater number of them may give up shortly, discouraged at last by the force of circumstances. A curious change of front has taken place in the attitude of social workers toward government, she says. Immediately after the revolution a great effort was made to educate the new socialist authorities in nation, state and city to the value of voluntary social effort even under a quasi-socialist regime. Just when this effort began to bear fruit and there was no longer fear of unwarrantable interference and regulation, the bottom dropped out of the financial resources of the agencies; and today it is they rather than doctrinaire nationalizers who seek to secure the adoption of their services by the authorities. Of course, the municipalities are subject to the same financial crisis and cannot even support their established social activities. In many cities, the salaries of officials are weeks overdue. Dr. Salomon was one of the first to help gratify the desire of workingwomen to take part in social work on a professional basis after the war; she established courses for them as well as for women of other classes by which they might secure the state diplomas now usually required for civil service appointments of social workers.

She also is strongly of the opinion that, however difficult the continuation of voluntary agencies, they should continue in existence because the spiritual support which a sympathetic and understanding social worker can give is of great value even when there are no longer the means with which to relieve material distress.

THREE years of the great war had sent back to Paris scores of men invalided out of the French armies because of tuberculosis. They were housed in temporary wooden barracks hastily put up in the courtyards of the general hospitals of Paris. In the inevitable stress of war needs, the monotonous course of their illness naturally failed to challenge public attention, already preoccupied by the wounded men, who had to be cured and sent back to the front. One of the first tasks which the French officials asked the American Red Cross to take over was that of seeing what could be done to improve their health and happiness.

Mlle. Marguerite Noufflard, whose gentle and unremitting work was largely responsible for the successful result, had been invalided out of front line service in another way. With the coming of the war she dropped her business in Paris, took one of the emergency courses to train nurses and was placed in charge of a small hospital near the front. The French were forced back, and her hospital was surrounded by Germans. The next day the French retook it, the following day the Germans, and then again the French. She stayed at her post. Later the French government presented her with the *croix de guerre*. When her health compelled her to give up active nursing, one of the French interpreters attached to the British armies suggested that she be chosen to direct this new work of the A. R. C. For several years Mlle. Noufflard directed the distribution of special medical and surgical supplies for them, as well as food, clothing, and the material for work and recreation which they needed most of all. At the close of the Red Cross work she was transferred to the commission of the Rockefeller Foundation in Paris, and went on with the work, which since has been continued under the city administration of Paris. She has come to America as a delegate of the hospital social service workers of Paris to the National Conference of Social Work, a personal testimony to the lasting international interest and cooperation which grew out of the emergency work of the war.

IF others of the foreign social workers now in the United States are "neighbors," James J. Mallon, warden of Toynbee Hall, is a super-neighbor—not only because of his association with the oldest neighborhood house but because his whole career has been an exemplification of neighborly virtues. The newspapers know him for the most part as one of the authors of the Trade Boards Act and an indefatigable worker for the success of the English minimum wage law, since he is a member of some twelve of these trade boards, which between them fix the minimum rates for perhaps a million men and women, and honorary secretary of the Advisory Council on Trade Boards. But it has been through his sympathetic aid to many different movements for social betterment in which his name has not been prominent that Mr. Mallon has most endeared himself to his colleagues.

James J. Mallon

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He was what we sometimes call a "settlement boy"—one of those active, ever enthusiastically helpful and stimulating members of clubs and classes that are the backbone of every neighborhood house, a keen debater, lover of poetry and of the open country in all its moods, some twenty years ago when first his name became familiar at labor meetings. He belonged to the group that secured the first election to Parliament, in 1906, of Robert Clynes, the gas workers' and general laborers' secretary. Some fifteen years ago, Sir Charles Dilke and those associated with him in the combat of sweating secured him as secretary for the Anti-Sweating League. Since then he became more closely associated with the leading spirits in the labor movement and later, as warden of Toynbee Hall, has been able to bring together university men, public officials and labor men for joint informal discussions of social and educational problems, both local and national, with a success which few mediators in the United States seem able to accomplish.

HENRIETTA RODMAN, who died in New York last month, was known to many as one of the foremost champions of freedom of teaching in the elementary schools or as a person who attracted attention by certain eccentricities of dress. But to a few she was known also as an educational reformer who took seriously the teachings of the great pedagogues and tried to find practical embodiments for them in her own work with children in and out of school. To her friends she was a woman of remarkable intellectual gifts and personal charm. One of them, Zelma Corning Brandt, has written the following lines which were read at the memorial services for Miss Rodman:

I did not make myself go to the church
When they were saying the last words for you.
I did not weep or worry overmuch
That some might say I did not care enough.

I am so sure you understood, and still
Do understand how we all felt.
We loved you as one does a glorious view,
Wind in one's face, or ocean in one's ear.

We loved you, not as little people would
Another little person like themselves,
But you, because your heart and soul were big
Brought forth from us a love as magnified.

Those clean-cut features molded as by sculptor's hand
For an ideal of Indian womanhood.
That strong-built body with its strange plain clothes
Were part of what we loved—an outside mask.

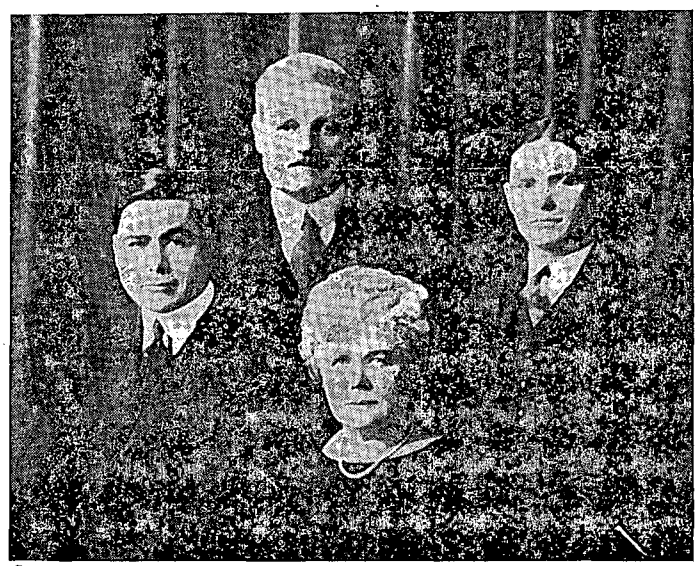
But what we really loved, each in his way,
Cannot be tagged by adjective or name,
Selfless it poured itself upon the world
Turning the way of any human need.
It woke the sleeper, bade the dreamer dream
And made the useful turn his hands to use.

And those it ever touched cannot forget
You are not gone, you are beside us yet. . . .

TWENTY-THREE years ago William E. Dever, the new mayor of Chicago, made his first political speech, opening his candidacy for the City Council, at Chicago Commons, the well-known settlement in his ward, with which he has been in personal cooperation ever since. Professor Graham Taylor who thus has known him all these years writes:

William Dever came to Chicago from Massachusetts, where after being graduated from the public schools, he had learned the currying trade under his father's tuition at Woburn. While working in a tannery to support himself and family, he studied law evenings in the Chicago College of Law for three years and was admitted to the bar. His clear record for ability, independence and efficiency on the floor of the City Council and in the work of its important committees on housing, traction, judiciary, lighting, parks and finance for ten years, representing the cosmopolitan working-class citizenship of this great tenement house ward, really nominated and elected him mayor of Chicago. His subsequent service as judge of the Superior Court and chief justice of the Appellate Court for twelve years further attested his high character, unbiased judgment and fearless devotion to the public welfare.

When mayoralty nominations were dead-locked by factional partisanship, a representative group of two hundred citizens convened at the Chicago City Club and offered to assist both the Republican and Democratic party managements to nominate and elect any one of several men named to each as worthy of the citizens' support. The two heading each list were promptly accepted by their respective party organizations as nominees at the primary. The Republican candidate, Arthur C. Lueder, thus nominated, received heavy pluralities over three opponents, one supported by the adherents of the wrecked Thompson machine, another by certain fraternal and church organizations, and a third who ran lowest as an avowed representative of the "wet" and open town interests. Judge Dever received the



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Mayor Dever, of Chicago, with his wife and sons

united support of the Democratic party both at the primary and the election, with a heavy vote of independents within and beyond party lines. His plurality of 103,748 was exceeded only once before, and by Mayor Thompson whose first election thus measures his lost opportunity.

When formally tendered the nomination of the Democratic party, Judge Dever accepted it only on condition "that nothing more was expected of him than to give the best administration to Chicago that he could." In taking his seat he addressed the aldermen as a "non-partisan council over which he would preside and with which he would work as a non-partisan mayor." His appointments to his cabinet attest his determination to adhere to this attitude, with due regard to the interests of his party which, he declares, will be served the most by the best service he can render the city. To this end he appointed such an outstanding citizen as Colonel A. A. Sprague, a prominent Republican business man, commissioner of public works; and Mary E. McDowell, head resident of the University of Chicago Settlement, commissioner of public welfare. The appointment of Francis X. Busch, formerly the attor-

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ney for the Civil Service Reform Association, as corporation counsel, with loyal civil service commissioners, assures the supremacy of the civil service law, the subversion of which enabled the Thompson administration to build up its "machine" by spoils patronage and "sixty-day" appointments in most departments of the city's service.

Confirming his campaign declaration that he would "suppress the chief of police whom he would appoint if he did not suppress vicious resorts," the first order the new chief, Morgan Collins, gave to all the captains on the force included these instructions:

I want you to close every place in your district where commercialized vice or gambling is carried on. Close it and keep it closed. Do not take an order from anybody else, citizen, politician, friend, business man, or anybody that might essay to indicate to you what he wishes. Commercialized vice is a thing of the past. A strict accounting will be asked from every man in whose command we find any commercialized vice tolerated. Say to yourself from today on, "all that is in the past, and in the future there will be no temporizing, no dealing, no connection between members of the police department and members of the bootlegging whiskey and beer rings." Exact of every member of your command strict enforcement of all laws and ordinances. I am free to say that if there is any deviation at all from the instructions laid down here today in this matter, it will mean a separation.

Thus Mayor Dever is fulfilling the hope of those who have known him longest and best and disappointing, happily, the fears of those who unjustly and secretly opposed him because of narrow sectarian prejudice in an otherwise clean and open campaign.

ABOUT a thousand miles north of Cape Town in the British possession of Bechuanaland lies Khama's Country, the home of Bamangwato. To the east is the Transvaal, to the north Rhodesia, where lives the tribe of Matabele. The country has become famous for the singular beauty of the life of its chief, Khama, son of Sekhome, who after ninety years of beneficent life has passed on, leaving his people socially benefited: sober, well conducted, and well disposed. They now live in peace and security, on equal terms with their former enemies the Matabele who used to persecute them. They are encouraged to keep their own flocks of goats and sheep, and herds of cattle, instead of being forbidden to do so for fear of enemy depredations and consequently being forced to subsist on roots or else to starve.

The man who has accomplished most of the social advance for this people, who freed them from the customs of slavery—orgies, war dances, "rain making"—was, until his very death, spare, tall and erect, with thoughtful intellectual face, a strong jaw and keen eyes. Travelers from all over the world remember him; some recall his speaking of having met David Livingstone when that intrepid explorer went to Africa in the middle of the nineteenth century; some recently recall his wife sewing on her Singer machine, or his daughters' skill in handicrafts.

In the matter of education Khama showed himself an enlightened ruler; scattered over the town of Serowe are schools where the children are taught to read and write. Although life is primitive and the people are housed in huts with thatched roofs, usually grouped about wells, the steps they have taken in social betterment under Khama's guidance are everywhere noticeable. Polygamy was the custom among the Bamangwato, as among their neighbors, till the chief glimpsed a higher law and took but one wife for himself. She died when Khama was about sixty and he later married again, although at that time he had a son who was himself a married man.

Khama has led always a conservative, self-restrained life; each day saw his people gathered about him for devotions, after which he would do business with Europeans and then decide cases of dispute, try offenders, and hear grievances and requests; the remainder of the day he spent in the work of managing his numerous gardens, lands and cattle posts.

The story of how he banished liquor traffic in his confines is typical of Khama's rule. His town was almost free of liquor when the white men came. They set up stores and began to sell brandy from large casks. Khama called them together. "It is my desire," he said, "that no strong drink shall be sold in my town."

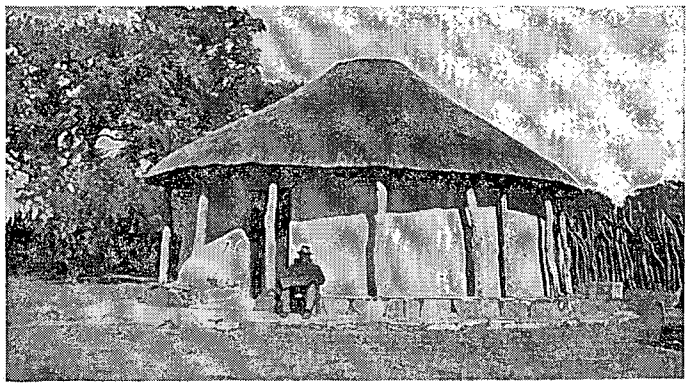
"We will not bring in the great casks of brandy," they replied, "but we hope you will allow us to have cases of bottles, as they are for medicine."

"I consent," said Khama, "but there must be no drunkenness."

In a few days one of the white traders in the town had locked himself into his house in delirium, naked and raving. Morning after morning Khama rose before daybreak to try and get to the man when he was sober, but he was continuously drunk. Then one morning this man gathered other white men together, and they sat drinking and then started fighting one another. A boy ran to Khama to tell him, and the chief went to the house and strode in. The room was a wreck; the men lay senseless, their shirts stained with blood.

On the following morning Khama sent word to all the white men to come to him in the *Kgotla* (court).

Khama, the Kaffir chief who brought social progress to the Bamangwato



"You white men," he said to them sternly, "have insulted and despised me in my own town because I am a black man. I make an end of it today. Go! Take your cattle and leave my town and never come back again."

Then he turned to his own people—thousand upon thousand of the Bamangwato waiting the word of their chief. He lifted up his voice: "I, Khama, your chief, order that you shall not make beer. You take the corn that God has given us and you destroy it. Nay, you not only destroy it but you make bad stuff with it that causes mischief among you."

Thus spoke the aged Black Prince of Africa, he who had won his spurs against the enemies of his people, and who is now dead.

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EDITORIALS

NEWS from the Ruhr district should be read with the same caution that experience taught us to apply to news from the occupied regions of Belgium and France during the war. German papers naturally magnify every incident that would tend to charge the occupying troops and administrative machinery with disregard of civilized rules of conduct while French news agencies play up the cunning of the German authorities and the danger to the troops from attacks by civilians. There is little tangible evidence to show whether or to what extent passive resistance on the part of the people is giving way to an increase of active sabotage, though this charge is sometimes made. The picture of conditions given on another page by an American eye-witness has this merit, at any rate, that it enables us to visualize the life of the average citizen in an occupied city concretely and realistically. The main outlines of that picture coincide with those given by two other American observers. J. Henry Scattergood, of Philadelphia, and Homer L. Morris, of Earlham College, Indiana, who, appointed by the American Friends' Service Committee to inquire whether the Friends ought to reestablish child feeding in that region, have recently returned and reported. On the general attitude of the people Mr. Scattergood says:

> The passive resistance is wonderful to see in operation and is, of course, a great experiment in the world's history and ne that all anti-militarists everywhere should pray may succeed. . . . How strange are the fates of history that Germany, so recently the greatest military nation, should be the one first to put this great experiment to trial. The issue is clearly understood here by every one, and the unity and determination are remarkable. It is a moral question with them.

The returned Friends say of the effectiveness of German relief operations in the Ruhr region:

> We are delighted to find that in the Ruhr district the committee and organizations left by the Friends when the work was turned over July 1, 1922, have been functioning splendidly; also that so far the French have not interfered with any food supplies for children or adults. Also food supplies are being made available, although at higher costs and much inconvenience, due to the non-use of any railroad or railroad station occupied by the French and the increased use of auto-trucks from distant points.

While recommending, for these reasons, that the Quakers should not at present resume charge of the feeding, Mr. Scattergood and Mr. Morris strongly urge the continuation and increase of American aid, not only in the Ruhr but in other parts of Germany as well, to the German relief organizations federated in the Central Committee.

ALMOST incredible in its callousness to modern standards of child nurture, protection and training is an appeal for a summer camp for children, the Arden Shore Association, of Lake Bluff, Illinois, picked up by one of our correspondents in a Chicago department store. This appeal is endorsed by the Subscriptions Investigating Committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce, and apparently both the United Charities of that city and the Board of Education cooperate in the work of the agency. Here is a paragraph in one of the folders:

> Many families in Chicago desperately need the financial help of their 14 year old boys and girls, but these children are not allowed to work without a working certificate from the Vocational Bureau of the Public Schools. If a child is undernourished and physically handicapped this certificate is refused. Arden Shore takes these children and scientifically builds them up until they are fit to go into industry. . . .
>
> So every year many little bread-winners are set on their feet, thereby reducing the number of families dependent on *you* for charity.

One poster shows the figure of a boy, apparently about eight years old, with the inscription: "Make me a bread-winner." A folder shows an equally small boy with a large suitcase and the inscription: "Can I get a job when I go home? I got a family to support."

THE Industrial Rehabilitation Act, approved June 2, 1920, provided for federal subsidies to states to help crippled and disabled men and women back to a life of self-support and independence. The fourth and last year for which this act made provision ends July 1, 1924. If this federal aid is to become a permanent part of our system of vocational rehabilitation, the next session of Congress must make appropriation for its continuance.

There is much confusion of the public in regard to the various rehabilitation measures which the government has passed. The organization for soldier and sailor rehabilitation, with the problems and complexities arising from it, has somewhat overshadowed the civilian work. Several significant points of difference between the two governmental services exist. Veteran rehabilitation is carried on directly by the federal Veterans' Bureau; civilian rehabilitation is carried on by state agencies, subsidized on a dollar for dollar basis by the Federal Board of Vocational Education. Veterans receive maintenance allowances during the training period, which is not limited in duration; but no federal money can be spent for this purpose on civilians. Eight states have made provision for limited periods of maintenance. Veteran rehabilitation measures were made in the interest of a definite group of men and consequently form a somewhat temporary enterprise; civilian rehabilitation, on the other hand, is in its beginnings and is intimately bound up in the workmen's compensation movement.

When in 1920 the federal government started to encourage the re-education of civilian cripples, it found but six states engaged in that service. Under the stimulus of federal assistance, thirty-four states have now taken the necessary

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steps to avail themselves of it and have completed their organization. Two more states took the necessary action in their legislative sessions this spring. According to reports from the Federal Board for Vocational Education, on June 30, 1922, thirty-one states were actually operating these services. During the fiscal year 1920-1921, the states which had such services reported that they had handled 3,893 cases; during 1921-1922 the organized states reported 17,089 cases. At the end of the first year there were 1,682 active cases; by June 30, 1922, this number had increased to 8,147. It is estimated that at present the organized states are caring for about 15,000 cases.

On the basis of this record, the federal board of the state bureaus of rehabilitation is united in urging that Congress should continue the federal appropriations. How far the service should be expanded is the issue upon which it would focus attention. Next to preventing accident and disease, rehabilitation is the best way to retrieve an otherwise wasteful and tragic situation.

CHICAGO has a way of bringing into focus—usually in garish form—troublesome problems that are common to large American cities. Exploitation in the stockyards, vice in out-at-elbow residence districts, corruption in the wards: Chicago has time and again written the headlines not only for a startling revelation but for a story of courageous attack on some common objective.

Under the leadership of Wilfred S. Reynolds, the Chicago Council of Social Agencies has begun to search out the city's unmet needs in a methodical fashion. It has recently completed a study of the condition of homeless men —appropriately enough, since Chicago is fairly described as the hobo capital of America. By reason of the city's central location and abundant railroad entrances and exits, it carries more than its share of the burden of caring for the floating army of migratory workers, the unemployed and the unemployable who drift from coast to coast.

The council's study, summarized on another page, makes it clear that the facilities—housing, recreation, fellowship—which Chicago's "hobohemia" offers its temporary guests compare none too favorably with the more primitive community life which the tramp and the hobo make for themselves on the road. Indeed, in spite of challenging work from time to time such as that some years ago of Raymond Robbins at the Municipal Lodging House, there has been little consecutive effort to deal in a coherent way with the migratory worker or non-worker. "The attitude of Chicago, like that of other communities," says the council, "has been a policy of defense entrusted to the police department for execution." The hobo still belongs to the "dangerous classes" among whom Charles Loring Brace classed the neglected children of New York forty years ago. No marginal social group lends itself more easily to spectacular exploitation: the by-streets of Chicago are littered with fantastic and often wholly irresponsible "rescue" agencies, and even the solid and useful organizations show "duplication of activities, a low standard of work, and the neglect of a constructive program of rehabilitation."

The council now puts forward a carefully thought-out plan to supply this lack. So far as it deals with Chicago's local problem, it centers in the establishment of a municipal clearing-house for non-family men, to which vagrants may be referred by the public, the missions and charities, the police and the courts. Its primary duty would be to discover and understand the individual, and to determine what handicaps can be overcome for him, what immediate or long-term help he needs to reach a position of social usefulness, and what disposition can best be made of him if he is incapable of attaining such a standard. It would work through the municipal lodging house [to be reopened in charge of the Department of Public Health in close affiliation with the clearing house], through a municipal laundry and bath-house, through existing facilities for industrial training, through the city and county hospitals and clinics, through the Illinois Free Employment Offices and better regulated private labor exchanges, through vocational diagnosis and individual casework, and through existing institutions for the aged, disabled, and incorrigible. The council proposes the establishment of a state industrial institute for the vocational training of the handicapped and industrially inadequate, a state farm colony to rehabilitate unemployables who are willing to receive training, and a department of industrial training of the House of Correction to serve until the farm colony can be opened.

New York attempted something of this sort in the formation, during the unemployment crisis of 1921-22, of the Federation of Agencies for Homeless Men. The Chicago plan contemplates a more far-reaching and permanent integration of municipal and private effort. The proposal makes a considerable advance, moreover, in the emphasis which it lays on the prevention of vagrancy and the protection of boys who are likely either to be recruited to the hobo class or to become the victims or accomplices of tramp perverts. This is reminiscent of the social policing with a strong emphasis on individual rehabilitation which was carried out twenty years ago so successfully under the Low administration in New York under James Forbes of the Charity Organization Society and his mendicancy squad. The council's plan ranges from the stimulation of recreation, vocational education and supervision for boys in Chicago to better policing of tramp rendezvous in the city. It is suggested that the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, the railroad special police, the Lake Carriers Association, and even the automobile clubs should be enlisted in the effort to prevent boys from drifting away from home. Perhaps it is over-sanguine to expect an irate guard at one of Chicago's innumerable freight-yards to accept the role of friendly counselor to runaways actual and potential. But since "hundreds of Chicago boys" were found to be taking to the road every spring, the effort to reach them through such direct and telling contacts at the threshold of their wandering may prove to be well worth the making as part of a larger program. Readers of Mrs. Bruère's article on Spring Planting in the April Survey Graphic will recognize the deeper psychological springs in this restlessness of youth which comes with the melting of the snowdrifts; this sprouting of age-old instincts for the soil and the open for which police cordons are no answer.

WITH characteristic thoroughness, the council's report also considers the homeless man problem in its national aspects; for it is clear that in its essence it is an interstate—and occasionally even an international—one. For a second time, and in terms of a new generation, we are indebted to Chicago observers for an appraisal of its country-wide significance, as readers of Mrs. Solenberger's earlier study will recall. The council follows closely the recommendations made by the United States Commission on Industrial Relations in 1912. Essential is, of course, the establishment of a national employment system and the regulation of all private employment agencies doing an interstate business. In the "decasualization" of employment some progress has been made since that report was issued; but much remains to be done. The need for inter-departmental cooperation, so evident in many of our public concerns, is recognized in the recommendation for the creation of a special board of representatives of the departments of agriculture, commerce,

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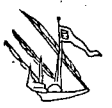
interior and labor, and from the board of army engineers, to prepare plans for the performance of the largest possible amount of public work during the winter and during industrial depressions. Here, from an altogether different angle, we find support for the recommendations of the President's Unemployment Conference and its recent report on business cycles. More original is the suggestion that the Interstate Commerce Commission should be asked by Congress to report a feasible plan for providing for the transportation of workers at the lowest reasonable rates so that the stealing of rides may be eliminated. The provision of better workingmen's hotels is urged not only on municipalities but also on state and federal departments of labor; and, further, the establishment of farm colonies where "down and outs" may be rehabilitated by means of proper food, regular habits of living and regular work, and where those who are physically unfit may receive appropriate medical treatment.

These things will cost money—but the cost would be small compared with our army camps when in the crisis we woke up to the importance of man power; and trifling compared with the present deterioration of men through lack of social care and with the cost of all the evils in its train.



PERHAPS some of us are old enough to have forgotten or young enough to have never heard of that little girl who came to school one day with a note to her teacher asking, "Please do not tell Grace about her insides; it ain't polite." But a generation of Graces have been led through the arid stretches of grammar school physiology, and if the emphasis now is swinging away from insides to outsides—to teaching Grace how tall and how heavy she should be and why she should drink milk and play outdoors and sleep ten hours with the windows open—it is not for reasons of etiquette but pedagogy. Last year the Child Health Organization called a conference at Lake Mohonk on health education and the training of the teacher; its printed report is used as a text book in universities, colleges and normal schools throughout the country. This July will see at San Francisco the first international conference on child health education, sponsored by committees of the National Education Association, the American Medical Association, the American School Hygiene Association, and the American Child Health Association. In the whole effort to change the connotation of "health" from a mere negative absence of disease to a positive enjoyment in the use of mind and body, nothing is more significant than this rapidly growing movement to teach children the few simple maxims of health and train them in the everyday habits which represent the summation of experience and research in its achievement.

WATCH out for the Ku Klux Klan, a neighbor anxiously warns a suburbanite. The occasion for his trepidation is the whispered information from another commuter that a Bible class of some sixty members had been formed almost overnight in this relatively small community. Certainly, in some parts of the country at any rate, there is some connection between Protestant religious revivals and social or racial fanaticism; but the astonishing increase in church membership in the United States, recently made public by the Federal Council of Churches, does not permit of Klan activities as an explanation. For one thing, the largest increase is that of the Roman Catholic Church with an access of 219,000 new members last year. The Methodist Episcopal Church comes next with 123,000, the Southern Baptist Convention with 97,000, and the National Baptist Convention (Negro) with 75,000. The most remarkable gain, probably accounted for by effective reorganization, is that of the eastern orthodox churches which gained 45,000 new members, an increase of 10 per cent.

Of course, church membership cannot be very closely defined with the different methods of computation used by different churches. But defining church constituency as meaning "all baptized persons, all adherents and all those who in the supreme tests of life or death turn to a particular communion," the council finds a total religious constituency in the United States of nearly a hundred million.

Yet people complain that we have no faith. Herbert Stead, formerly the head worker of the Browning Settlement in London, who has just made a tour of this country to discover what are the attitudes of different social groups, and especially of labor, towards religion, has found an acceptance of Christian doctrines on a scale of which our discussions of public questions and the outer aspects of our social life give little evidence. But he is a constitutional optimist. It would require a more searching inquiry to find out to what extent the American people give actual thought to the religious faiths they proclaim—much less live them. As another commuter exclaimed: "The trouble with the Ku Klux is that they are Bible *readers;* there is no need to be afraid of them or of any other movement if the members *study* the Bible."

IS there a *new* Negro migration to the North? There has been continuous migration of this sort ever since the war increased the opportunities of industrial employment in the great centers of the Middle West and the East. But then came the depression of 1921 and 1922. Many colored families drifted back, driven by unemployment; the southern employers in many cases boasted that, when all was said and done, the Negro could not be assimilated in larger numbers north of Mason and Dixon line, and the South with its social traditions offered a more desirable home for the Negro worker. But this jubilation came too soon. Last fall, as soon as trade revived sufficiently to absorb the greater part of the local labor supplies thrown out of work by the depression, the employment agents of northern industry reappeared in the South, and a northward migration started, larger perhaps than ever before though gradual rather than sudden. The federal Department of Agriculture reports relatively large proportions of farm labor as having moved north in the last twelve months. In South Carolina, it is said, the white population, for the first time in recent history, is larger than the colored. In Georgia there has been a 13 per cent decrease of Negro farm labor. In Mississippi prominent Negroes have been emboldened to tell their white neighbors in a published statement why the colored man is irresistibly attracted by the North as soon as he sees there a prospect of employment. Among other grievances listed are the following:

That twenty dollars is spent on the education of every white child in Mississippi against one dollar for every Negro child;

That while there are one thousand high schools for white children in the state, there is but one such institution maintained for colored children;

That no public improvement, as a rule, is made in those sections of towns and cities occupied by Negroes;

That a state of peonage exists in certain sections of the state;

That in the courts one white man's word may outweigh that of a hundred Negroes;

That the Negroes of the state, although they contributed more soldiers to the United States army than the whites,

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are completely excluded from all share in jury service, the ballot and from participation in government.

Intimidation of labor agents, who have been expelled in many counties, and spasmodic alleviation of minor social ills cannot stem the movement that has set in—for that movement is not at all organized in the sense that the suppression of certain controlling agencies would end it; it is rather a constant dribbling through the northern borders of these states of individual families and groups of families that have been able to cut loose from their local associations to seek higher earnings and a fairer treatment elsewhere.

Whether their dreams will be realized is another question. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, in a thorough analysis of the problem published in the Nation for May 9, describes some of the major difficulties that await the southern Negro in northern centers of industry. But the very fact of the present migration would seem to indicate that for a majority of these who have sojourned in them during the boom years of the war, that experience must have been more satisfactory than life in the old home; or they would not return now, nor would those who have stayed encourage others in their home town to follow their example. This migration, of course, as such is not a solution of the problem before America; the South itself must eventually find a new relationship between white and colored citizens. But the exodus will help to emphasize in very practical ways the needs already recognized among socially minded white Southerners.

OUR eugenists are so concerned over the alleged inferiority of various races that form the bulk of the newer immigration that they rarely take the trouble to look into the dangers of racial deterioration among native Americans. An article by Frank Tannenbaum on life in the southern cotton mill village in the current number of The Century Magazine suggests the importance of such an inquiry. He finds that inbreeding in many mill communities has set its stamp upon the people. Artificially kept apart by a paternalistic oversight which discourages most of them from breaking loose and seeking adventure in the world, and by the barriers put up by employers against fresh blood from Europe or from the North, they either become part of the mill system, remaining in the same town generation after generations, or drifters, "a distinctly recognized type of mill workers who come and go from mill village to mill village, but who never go outside of it." These people, as he sees them, "are being reduced to a state of childish impotence where they have to be taken care of and where they produce nothing." Mr. Tannenbaum does not fail to note some of the excellent efforts that are being made to improve the lot and outlook of such workers; but the picture he draws of the combined effect of industrial autocracy and isolation from the world is an exceedingly dark one.

There will be sharp rejoinders to Mr. Tannenbaum's indictment; but The Century has performed a service in bringing it out at a time when the problem is likely to be exaggerated by the flow of northern capital to the cotton industry of the South. And this suggests a question which, we confess, we cannot answer: Why does capital, always on the look-out for cheap labor, in the one case—that of the "poor whites"—build new mills to employ a relatively small marginal supply of labor in the South; and in the other case—that of the Negroes—encourage the flow of a much larger labor supply to the North? Do, after all, Mohammed and the mountain both move? Is it the location of the raw materials of industry—cotton in the one case, iron ore in the other—that most determines such movements? Or can it be that, after all, it is not alone economic motive that rules? Can it be that the Negro is impelled to go north more in search of social and political equality than in search of material betterment—that the poor white, deprived of initiative and ambition in part by a century of poverty, inbreeding and the continuous exodus of the more adventurous, stays where he is even when higher wages beckon him from the North?

THAT something must soon be done about the great mass of judicial decisions which form the bulk of the law under which we live in these United States was the outstanding conclusion which emerged from the discussion of Law and Justice at the recent meeting of the New York Academy of Political Science. The number of the reported decisions and the rapidity of their increase presents a situation in which it becomes increasingly difficult for any one to find out what the law is. Moreover, judge-made law is made in this country by the courts of forty-eight states and by the federal courts as well. In each of these jurisdictions the development of the law proceeds separately and often along lines which vary to a surprising extent. Legal terminology is often loosely used, even by judges themselves, and there is frequently a lack of agreement among courts as to the basic principles upon which the development of the law should depend. These were main counts.

That such a situation lends complexity and uncertainty to the law must seem too clear for argument. That it absolves legal science of any suspicion of systematic growth is another unfortunate conclusion which cannot be escaped. It is not surprising then that both Dean Stone of the Columbia Law School and Professor William Draper Lewis of the University of Pennsylvania came out with the bold statement that if something were not done, and done with reasonable promptness, the system of law under which we live would break down of its own weight, and the undoubted advantages which our system possesses would be swamped by its disadvantages.

The announcement, therefore, of the formation and endowment of the American Law Institute to promote a restatement and clarification of the law is heartening. The presence at its birth of the cream of legal scholars, of the chief justice of the United States and of the chief justices of the highest courts of twenty-one states is evidence that the profession as a whole is aware of the importance of the task before it. That task is one of extraordinary difficulty. On the one hand the institute must avoid, as Professor Lewis, its director, pointed out, the rigidifying effect of enacting its restatement of the law into a code, for that would destroy the flexibility of our system of law. On the other hand, it must somehow succeed in persuading the courts to reconcile their conflicting views in accordance with its findings and also to be guided as the law develops to meet new situations, by the principles of growth which the institute's research will indicate.

PERHAPS the stubbornest task of all those which lie ahead is that suggested by Professor Oliphant of Columbia. He pointed out that the fundamental method of the law's development needs to be changed from the present practice of meeting new situations by deductive logical application of principles derived from past experience, to a more pragmatic technique which will mould the law to meet new needs by means of generalizations drawn from the data of present reality. That generalizations may be needed to accomplish such a searching alteration of judicial mental habits is doubtless true. Witness the Supreme

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Court decision in the minimum wage case, with the justice sitting silent who had years before applied this very method to the question before the court and who, from a fine sense of legal ethics, refrained from voting because as a practicing lawyer he had once advocated a similar law before this same bench; while his associates for the most part applied the *a priori* doctrines they had grown up with.

But that the institute may make an effective beginning does not seem too much to hope. In the meanwhile there would seem to be, as Professor Lewis says, "reasonable ground for belief" that American legal scholarship is equipped for the task of bringing much relief from the maze of legal complexity and contradictions in which the innocent layman is now pretty well lost.

Professor Lewis made it clear that the institute will not regard itself as a committee to usher in the millenium and will not attempt to provide a cure for our social ills by remoulding and restating the law concerning them in accordance with its notion of wise public policy. Questions such as the structure of government, the theory of taxation, social insurance, the relations of labor and capital—these and similar matters still in the crucible of controversy will be considered outside the scope of the institute's work. This decision is no doubt a canny one, because if the institute's conclusions are to be practically useful they must be such as to command the acceptance of a preponderant majority. Nevertheless, we cannot refrain from expressing the hope that the institute, while not entering upon these controversial fields, will at least indicate, as Dr. Hale of Columbia suggested, the proper methods of approach to them. Vital politico-social legal questions should no longer be decided in the dim light of philosophic abstractions whose content is derived from another century. They should be determined by a clear understanding of present-day economic and social realities.

THE prosecution of William C. McConnell, former state director of prohibition of Pennsylvania, came to a conclusion on May 2 that was in keeping with its previous history. The court determined that the defendants had been wrongly indicted and directed the jury to find a verdict of not guilty.

In The Survey of April 1 a year ago appeared a copy of a public statement made before the City Club of Philadelphia, by T. Henry Walnut, who had then just been dismissed from office as a special assistant United States attorney for eastern Pennsylvania. In this statement, Mr. Walnut pointed out the colossal nature of the fraud upon the prohibition law which had existed during a period of two months when Mr. McConnell was director of prohibition. Moreover, he indicated the difficulties he had encountered in forcing the prosecution. He charged that the District Attorney and subsequently the Attorney-General had intervened to prevent an indictment of the state director. It was not until Mr. Walnut had insisted vehemently (but internally) upon a prosecution, had been summarily dismissed for his vehemence, had forthwith made the matter a public issue and the newspapers had taken up the case, that an indictment was hastily prepared and returned.

Some forty-seven defendants were included in the one indictment, including the state director himself, two of his subordinates in the Philadelphia and the subordinate in charge of the Pittsburgh office. With them were joined groups of bootleggers in various parts of the state, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, Wilkesbarre and Scranton, all of whom were charged with conspiracy to secure fraudulent permits from the state prohibition office, upon which liquor could

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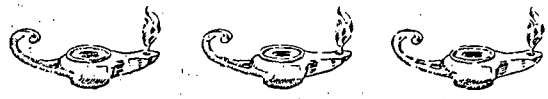

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be withdrawn from warehouses and distributed in violation of law. The different groups were charged not only with being in conspiracy with the prohibition director but likewise with being in conspiracy with each other, an extension of the charge, as originally formulated by Mr. Walnut, which carried unfortunate consequences.

The indictment was attacked bitterly but the court finally disposed of discussion by sustaining it. He remarked, however, that if the evidence offered at trial merely showed that there were a number of bootlegging rings each interested in securing fraudulent permits, but not working together to that end, each group would have to be indicted separately.

The case first came to trial in the latter part of March of this year. It excited great local interest. After it had proceeded for a week a sensational charge of attempted jury-fixing was made. The foreman of the jury was arrested for contempt of court, and the panel dismissed. On April 23 the case was a second time called for trial. It proceeded slowly for a matter of ten days. The prosecution was faced by some of the ablest trial lawyers in the state who fought every inch of the way. On Wednesday, May 2, after a long argument, the prosecuting attorney notified the court that the evidence yet to be submitted would not directly establish any relation between the several groups of bootleggers other than the general one that they all secured permits from the prohibition office.

Whereupon the court, after expressing great reluctance, announced that as he understood the law, the evidence was not sufficient to sustain the blanket charge set out in the indictment, although there was evidence in abundance of fraud and illicit traffic in liquor. He thereupon directed the jury to return a verdict of not guilty—a decision which was impeccable law, which was possibly not displeasing to a reluctant prosecuting office, which was certainly a relief to the groups of indicted officials and their powerful political associates and which strikes like a challenging lance against lethargic public opinion in the state of Pennsylvania.

"IN a telling appeal for a medical college for North Carolina," says a Raleigh paper of recent date, "Dr. X., of Charlotte, told the trustees of the state university a few days ago that unless North Carolina educates more doctors the state must go back to witchcraft."

The alternative does not seem inescapable. Witchcraft has its charms for some minds, it is true. But the same paper that carried the warning quoted above carried abundant evidence of the existence of a third way out for those who do not care for witchcraft and yet cannot secure the services of a trained physician. Why should the state worry about doctors while the Village Drug Company can furnish "Hurtocide" for all pains; or "Nochillitonic" for all chills and fevers; or "Cru-no-more" for all coughs and croups? Why worry about witchcraft so long as we have K. K. K. for the kidneys; or Q. Q. Q. for those queer feelings?

Who can fail to recall at least one happy evening of childhood when the Kickapoo Indians put on a "medicine show" in the old vacant lot by the bridge? After many marvellous stunts of sleight of hand, came those thrilling moments when the old Indian doctor took the stage and sold the great black bottles of "Woohaw," that wonderful medicine "made of roots, herbs, gums, berries and the bark of hitherto unknown trees, all distilled by the dusky daughters of the forest." That famous medicine is now advertised on billboards all over the southland; it can be bought in drugstores in "all leading cities."

One "newspaper" widely circulated in the South, but

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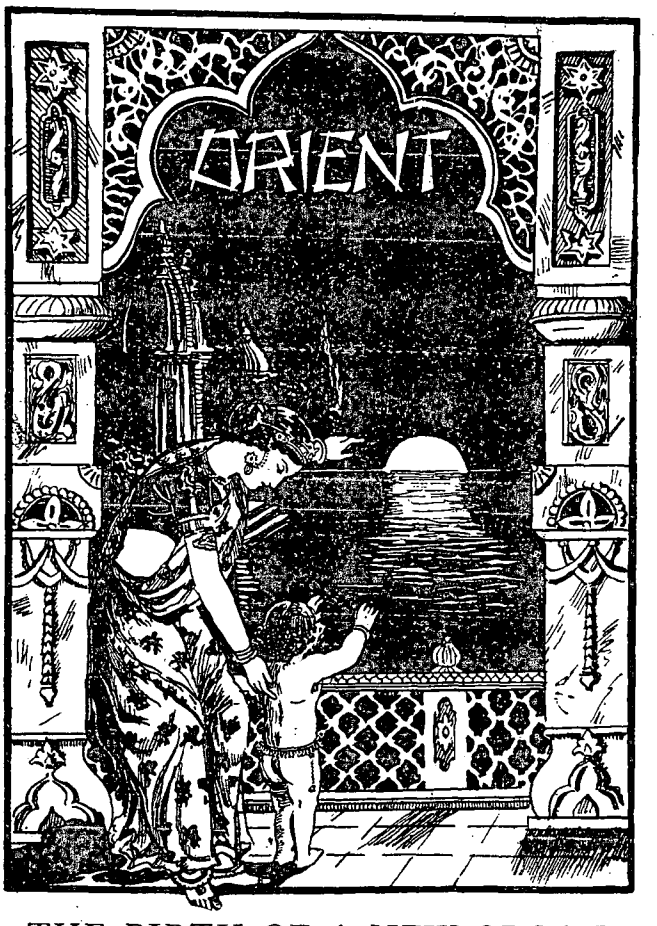

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published in the North, is quite obviously nothing but an advertising medium, carrying a varied assortment of cheap and mean and lying notices. A glance through a current issue reveals a startling array of self-confessed philanthropists whose love for the human race induces them to give away (for nothing, or at least next to nothing) health secrets and valuable medicines for which a weary world has long been waiting, and about which the regular doctors are either densely ignorant or unmitigatingly prejudiced. Most of these philanthropists insist, with what at times amounts to extreme embarassment, that they want no money, at least to begin with. Most of these benefactors of humanity live in the North, or on the borders of the South.

One of them, advertising from Springfield, Ohio, offers to relieve "all stomach troubles." Another, in Lynn, Massachusetts, will "cure rheumatism so it will stay cured." Cleveland, Ohio, seems to be the home of a successful cure for fits. Chicago is ready to protect the South against goitre, and to "tone up systems that are all run down." Rosedale, Kansas, offers to make an end of asthma. Kansas City sees no reason why pimples should longer blotch the fair face of human nature. Sedalia, Missouri, specializes in the relief of eczema. Battle Creek and Marshall, Michigan, compete for first place as the home of the most successful cure for piles. And Mount Vernon, N. Y., has an extra supply of Nerve Force which it will distribute in the South at so much per. So the columns run on, and on.

A patent medicine possesses qualities which combine the virtues of scientific medicine and witchcraft. It is a medicine—something "to take," which is what most people want from their doctors. It is an idea, a charm: It cures! What more could witchcraft do?

Years ago, when we were freshmen at college, our glee club sang the famous ballad:

> Sing, Oh sing, of Lydia E. Pinkham,
> And her love for the human race:
> How she makes her Vegetable Compound,
> And the papers publish her face!

Well, the papers still publish her face all over the South. Doctors may come and go. But Lydia E. Pinkham and other "lovers of the race" (six bottles for five dollars) go on forever. Even though the medical college is never built, witchcraft will not return. A bottle of patent medicine "has it all over" mere magic, in the long run.

THE revival of interest in the American Indian, which was referred to in these pages two months ago, is proved by the large advance sales of the first complete modern survey of his social, economic and religious condition just published by the Committee on Social and Religious Surveys under the name, The Red Man in the United States. This survey has been directed by G. E. E. Lindquist, the Y. M. C. A.'s expert on Indian affairs and has taken three years to compile. There is an appendix by the Assistant Indian Commissioner, Edgar B. Meritt, on the legal status of the Indian. Such a stock-taking—the surveyors visited 161 reservations—is the most essential preliminary to that reconsideration of federal policy with regard to the nation's wards which is on the carpet for the next Congress. Few people realize the magnitude of the job involved in the present administration of the Indian Office of the Department of the Interior or the large part played in this work by Indians themselves. Commissioner Burke writes that out of a total of 5,400 employes of the office about 2,000 are Indians, and that many of them occupy positions of considerable responsibility, including the superintendence of eight of the reservations and several of the Indian schools.

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CHICAGO: HOBO CAPITAL OF AMERICA

(*Continued from page* 290)

silence, except for snores. I never heard such a variety of snores, but none of them seemed to speak of peaceful sleep or pleasant dreaming. Once the snores were broken into by some man bawling out, 'Hey, you; quit spittin' over this way: You're gettin it on my paper." The retort, "Well, dammit: How much room do you want to take up." "It's none of your . . . . business how much room I take. You lay off'n that spittin', see." More snores.

Robbing a fellow tramp when asleep is contrary to the jungle code. In the flop-houses distinctions get blurred. On every "stem" there are a goodly number of men who occasionally or continually "roll"— i. e., rob—their fellows. Nearly every migrant who makes periodical trips to the city after having saved his earnings for three or four months can tell of at least one account with the "jack roller." Unpopular though the "jack roller" may be, there are few tramps who would overlook an opportunity to steal a few dollars from a drunk in the gutter, on the theory that some one is sure to take the money sooner or later and one might as well take the gifts the gods provide.

There is no municipal lodging house in Chicago. It closed in 1917 and did not reopen even during the hard winters of 1920-21 and 1921-22. Many men who would have been municipal lodging house inmates became the regular feeders each winter at the different soup and bread lines. In the absence of any organized effort on the part of the city to deal with the homeless and penniless men on the streets the burden has fallen upon the shoulders of private agencies or individual citizens. This has made for a good deal of promiscuous begging and opened the way for much injudicious almsgiving. The welfare organizations of the city generally cooperate in handling family cases, but there are no facilities for such cooperation for the homeless man. The charge may be brought against the missions and some of the churches that they are trying to play a lone hand. They boast that they feed and clothe, but they often feed and clothe indiscriminately. No effort is made, and no facilities are at hand, to cull out the unworthy. The tramp is the only one who profits in the face of the competition among the churches and missions to feed the hungry. He passes merrily from one to the other, and by managing properly he can eat several times a day.

Food and Clothing

The homeless man is as transient in his eating as in his sleeping. Usually he gives all the restaurants a trial and, if he has any money, does a bit of "window shopping" before he decides which bill of fare offers the most. At the places where a "full meal" can be had for ten or fifteen cents the niceties of life are perhaps less conspicuous than in the tramp's own jungle. In an hour's feverish work a waiter becomes literally plastered with coffee, gravy, soup. Uncleanliness reaches its zenith in the kitchens. One philosophical 'bo reasons thus: "I don't allow myself to see things, and as long as the eyes don't see the heart grieves not."

For clothing there are the stores which handle out-of-date, shop-worn and soiled new goods, and the clothing "exchanges," where second-hand garments are offered—a suit for ten or fifteen dollars. The barber colleges afford a sporting chance to get a shave or haircut at bottom price. The flop-house offers no opportunity for a man to shave himself. The saloon has lost its prestige on the "stem" to the bootlegger. West Madison Street has, however, its book-shops: one which specializes in radical periodicals is well patronized.

A man who is careful can live in Hobohemia on a dollar a day. If he is not too fastidious he can live for sixty cents,

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THE INTERCOLLEGIATE MENORAH ASSOCIATION will hold its second annual Summer School session from July 9 to August 17, 1923, in the building of the Society for the Advancement of Judaism, 41 West 86th Street, New York City. Open to all college students, teachers, and others who are interested.

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A LIMITED number of scholarships, covering transportation and maintenance, are available for accredited members of Menorah Societies. Applications should be made to the Secretary at once.

REGISTRATION will be held July 8th and 9th, at 41 West 86th Street, New York City. Applicants may register by mail, addressing Secretary, Menorah Summer School, 167 West 13th Street, New York City. There will be a registration fee of ten dollars, but no tuition fee.

For further information address L. A. Mischkind, Director Menorah Summer School, 167 West 13th Street, New York City

including a bed every night. Sleeping in a ten-cent flop and sticking to coffee and rolls, he can get along for fifty cents. Old men, who do not move around much, will live a long time on "coffee an'" which they can get at the average restaurant for a nickel. The man who is reduced to "coffee-an'," however, has touched bed-rock.

The Hobo's Leisure

Living in Hobohemia is at best but a process of "killing time"—a serious problem with the homeless man. The movie and the burlesque are the only forms of commercialized amusements within the range of the tramp's purse. Even these are only patronized by a part of the men and by them only part of the time. For the vast majority there is no pastime save such as their genius may devise and the opportunities may permit.

As he meanders along the street, the homeless man is always on the alert for variety. He will stand on the curb for hours watching the people pass; he gazes after every conspicuous person and every drunk. If a policeman stops to speak with a man he also stops and endeavors to listen in. If he finds congenial companionship he will spend hours sitting and conversing on the curb on the shady side of the street. Listening to speakers on the street in summer and in "open forums" in winter, is the prevailing pastime.

Hobohemia knows but two types of speakers, the "soap box" orator and the evangelist. The evangelist has been longest on the job. His street singing, his preaching and praying, although little heeded by the hobo, would be greatly missed if it should suddenly disappear. But the soap boxer, no less an institution, is native to the soil of Hobohemia. He comes into more intimate touch with the tramp. He has the latest thought on the labor movement; he is usually far in advance of the average listener in the study of the problems nearest to the hearts of the transients, and he knows well how to put before them the things they like to hear.

During a Sunday in July, 1922, no less than twenty men spoke on the box at the corner of Jefferson and Madison Streets; and as many topics were treated. In the afternoon the following speakers shared the time:

1. The meeting was opened by a man who borrowed a box from a near-by fruit stand. He tried to get another man to speak first so that he would not have to hurt his voice gathering the crowd, but no one cared to start. He talked for twenty minutes about graft in the patent medicine trade, and finished by selling some pamphlets dealing with the subject.
2. The second speaker was an I. W. W. who talked for fifteen minutes on education. He was a good talker and held the crowd. He wound up by selling and giving away some I. W. W. literature and periodicals in which economic theory had been reduced to the understanding of the men on the street.
3. Another I. W. W. talked twenty minutes on organization. He urged that the rich man organizes and for that reason is successful; he does not want the poor men at the bottom to organize because he fears that he will not be able to keep them at the bottom. He didn't blame the rich man for organizing; he blamed the poor man for not organizing. He gave some literature away and sold some.
4. A speech on superstition followed. It lasted twenty minutes and was aimed at a mission group that was holding a meeting across the street. The argument was that the Bible and the Church were the most powerful instruments in the hands of rich men for keeping the poor men down. No collection was taken.
5. A twenty-minute speech on the economic organization of industry was given by a man who took great pains to remind the crowd that he had spent seven years to learn all about it. He made a plea for the cooperation of labor

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to combat the organization of capital. No collection was taken.

6. The next man argued that the unemployment problem is caused by two things: the overcrowding of population and the concentration of wealth in the hands of a few. This man usually takes a collection on the ground that he is physically handicapped.
7. No more speakers wanted the box, so a drunk got on the stand and asked for the attention of the crowd. He furnished amusement for fifteen minutes.

No speaker talked long enough to bore the crowd. Each, when he had finished, yielded the box to his successor. The crowd was a characteristic Hobohemia gathering, willing to stand so long as they were interested.

Just as there are unwritten laws of the jungle so there is a code of the soap box. Speakers behave toward each other, when not on the box, much as lawyers do when they are out of the courtroom, and even while they are on the box they consider each other's interests. The six speakers who took part in the program which we have recorded were far from being of one mind, but they cooperated admirably in holding the crowd for each other and in dividing up the time. Soap boxers have gone further toward reaching a unity of purpose than the various mission groups who compete on opposite corners for the same crowds.

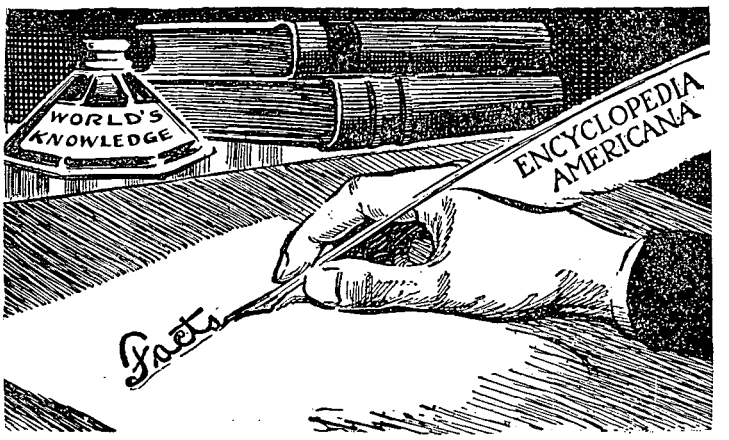
The hope of the soap boxer is to make people think. He succeeds to a greater extent than we realize. Wherever transient workers are found they will be thinking on the labor problem in almost the same terms that the soap boxers use. This unity of thought does not unite them: it means only that they are agreed in a general way that they are down at the bottom and that they are getting the worst of it. They are as far apart on the details of reforming the world as are the soap boxers themselves. They do not seem able to come together, nor will they so long as they are tramps. The tramp mind resents discipline of any kind. But they like to build castles and dream dreams. Every man builds his own kind of castle and dreams his own dreams, but they all can get material from the soap boxer.

Tramping is a man's game: the jungle is a womanless community. Most tramps are single and young. They enter the life of the road in their late teens or early twenties; relatively few have ever known the responsibility of marriage. In the city the opportunities for companionship with women are sharply limited. The younger vagabonds who come to town with a good "roll" turn eagerly to the burlesque theaters and the stimulations of vaudeville. The average homeless man finds only the lowest grade of prostitutes: forlorn and bedraggled creatures who have not been able to hold out in the fierce competition of their trade.

Few ideals associated with women are possible to the hobo. Older women sometimes take a motherly interest in his affairs while he is out on the job. "Mother" Greenstein, who keeps a restaurant on South State Street and has never turned a hungry man away, has become the idol of hundreds of 'boes. Another "mother," of West Madison Street, gives them nothing, but curses their foes, the gamblers and the supercilious slummer, with such friendly vigor that she is famous among the wandering men, who humor her in her hobby of feeding all the cats on her beat. The homeless man is often profoundly touched by the women of the missions, for whom he has usually a wholesome regard though he may be indifferent to their religious appeal.

"There are three types of the genus vagrant," says Dr. Ben L. Reitman, "the hobo, the tramp and the bum. The hobo works and wanders, the tramp dreams and wanders, and the bum drinks and wanders." All are homeless men. All go to make up the homeless population of Chicago's "main stem." What can Chicago do for them?

G. S.



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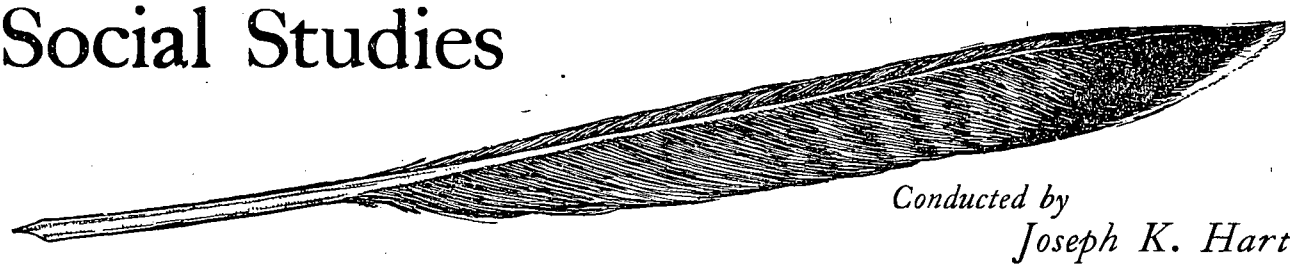

Conducted by
Joseph K. Hart

Ideals and Realities

IN many parts of our large cities, people do not, as a usual thing, converse with one another: they shout at one another. In the midst of so much noise and confusion, the one who learns how to shout loudest is the one who will be heard.

But almost everywhere, the spaces between individuals are filled with many sorts of shoutings. Newspapers and magazines shout to us from every direction. Bulletins and pamphlets bombard us. Moving pictures assail us. The radio surrounds us with impertinent information and insidious propaganda. The old healing privacies are gone from us forever. So it seems.

What is accomplished by all this tumult and shouting? The answer is important but elusive. Consider a single mind: bombarded from all sides by all these various shoutings, what can become of it? What can it do? Can it laugh at all shoutings and ignore them all? Can it close ears and eyes to all bombardments and live as if the world were still?

Idealists live upon the hope that their own peculiar propaganda will prevail over all other insidious influences and dominate that mind. They believe that a single thought, properly ledged in that mind, will determine the trend of its activities; that its activities will fix its character; and that its character will decide its destiny: hence, the importance of sending out the right ideas! Of course, that mind is subjected to a continuous barrage of suggestions. But the acceptance of one idea by it will make the acceptance of other ideas of the same sort more likely. Hence, the barrage must be kept up forever; or at least until the end of the world!

A mind produced by this method must be a ghastly sort of thing. There are *papier-mâché* models, built up by adding bits of sticky stuff to an original frame-work. One gets a fleeting glimpse of a mind built up in the same way. Bombarded from all sides by ideas all of which have been prepared with the intention of making them stick, the mind comes at length to resemble a *papier-mâché* model. The fact that these *papier-mâché* models are mostly used for the purpose of representing monstrosities does not interfere with the aptness of the illustration. Minds made up in this bombarded way are usually not far from being monstrous!

There is a grim realism about this idealistic position. Minds can be deformed, distorted by propaganda. Religious propaganda was once more capable in this work. Now, political and economic propaganda have taken over the major responsibility. The results achieved are somewhat more subtle than of old; but they are no less comprehensive and conclusive. Idealists have been the world's chief offenders in this deformation of minds and distortion of personality. Of course, always their work has been "for good purposes."

All this throws a curious illumination on the realistic doctrine of determinism. Those who hold that man's conduct both in history and in contemporary civilization is always to be explained by an iron-bound determinism will have much difficulty in explaining away the influence of elusive ideas upon men's imaginations. Certainly, men are as likely to be led by a will-o'-the-wisp as by an economic desire. At least, some men are. The only reply the realist makes is that "If you could see all that is going on, you'd have to admit that he couldn't do anything but the thing he does do." On the other hand, the idealist is saying that "The man's actions show conclusively that conduct is determined by ideas; that the world is made of ideas; that ideas can make any mind into anything, if they can just get in their work on that mind at the right time!"

Is this all that can be said? Do these idealists and realists cover the subject and exhaust it? That can hardly be proved. The realist is inclined to let things drift, since, if all conduct is determined by pre-existent factors, nothing can be done about it. But the idealist lets nothing drift: since the world is made of ideas, he is up and around at all hours setting controlling ideas at work, in every possible sphere. The results of these two programs approximate identity. Mind is being deformed and destroyed by the realistic drift of circumstances; mind is being deformed and destroyed by the propagandist work of the idealists. Each of these, taking their firm stand on a hemisphere of reality, find themselves wonderfully successful in producing minds that are, to say the least, less than universal in their form and character.

The fact seems to be that for humanity there exists a large area of potential freedom. All about this area life has become fixed. Habit has set up its mechanisms; and within that area of habit, conduct is largely if not wholly determined. But inside the area of freedom ideas can operate. The drift has not yet set in. But every idea is a possible habit-lead. Hence, every idea is likely to become a means of more or less violently twisting the mind that admits it in some more or less undesirable direction. That is the danger of propaganda as distinguished from education: propaganda concentrates on a single idea with the definite intent of deforming the minds of men in that definite direction, without regard to the final outcome for individual or social living.

Education, on the other hand, having no interest in determining a result, would surround minds with a rich variety of ideas and factual experiences. The factual experiences relate the individual to that realistic world in which conduct seems to be determined by factors beyond control. The ideas relate the individual to the area of freedom within which conduct seems to be wholly a matter of the personal choice of the moment. The interplay between fact and idea serves to recreate both. Ideas play into the factual world and make it over. Facts play into the area of ideal freedom and slowly reduce it to order, control, habit.

And out of this continuous interplay and reconstruction of both areas personality grows: It grows stronger in its habits by building new ones. It grows stronger in its freedom by making habits that are determined by its own ideas.

Humanity needs both ideals and realities, not as finalities but as instruments of growth. With either alone we are sure to be deformed. Intelligence is the activity by which we blend ideals and realities into a growing world of unified and free personal experience.

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Study Course on Social Organization

XV. The Social Sciences (Continued)

The charge is frequently made by scientists in the biological and physical fields that the word science can have no proper application in the social world because no considerable body of dependable facts can be found in that area. These scientists think that science is made of dependable facts. This is, of course, a great error; it is the source of much mischief; and unless it is resisted and corrected by students in the social fields it will eventually bring all our knowledge back to the deadly pedantry that dominated the Midde Ages. Science is a way of looking for facts, and of thinking about facts, and of escaping from facts that are no longer tenable. Science, rightly conceived, can operate in the social world quite as properly as in any other area of experience.

1. Is History a Science?

Where should the study of history begin: with the origins of the universe? With the creation of life? With the beginnings of man? With the beginnings of civilization? Where does history end? What should the study of history bring the student: knowledge of facts? Distaste for the past? Understanding of the present? A share in the story? Should a student of history use his imagination? Or merely his memory? Has history any relationship to the other social studies?

2. The Meaning of Civics

What does the study of civics do for the student? Did anyone ever willingly study civics? What is it about? Has civics any existence outside textbooks on the subject? Where does it exist? Who is interested in it outside the school?

3. Economics as a Social Science

Who is interested in economics? Who is interested in wealth? Has interest in wealth any connection with interest in economics? What is the connection? Is there such a thing as the science of wealth? Who knows this science? Should there be a chapter on "poverty" in the science of wealth? Have economic questions all been settled? By whom? Does the world know how to produce wealth today? Then why are so many people starving? Do we know how to distribute wealth? Then why are so many in poverty? Is there room here for scientific thinking?

4. Ethics as a Social Science

What is the difference between right and wrong? Are certain acts always right and others always wrong? Does custom have anything to do with right and wrong? Is war ever right? Should one think out what is right or should he expect the right to be revealed to him? Is there any room for scientific thinking about rights and wrongs?

5. What Is Sociology?

Is there any such thing as "society"? What does the term include? Is it more, or less, than government? Industry? The church? The family? The schools? Does it include these? Does it include more or less than these? Does society grow, or change? Can growth or change be understood? Can they be foreseen? Can they be controlled? Can society be intelligently directed toward a selected goal? Is this being done? By whom? Should it be done? By whom?

6. Education as a Social Science

What part should teachers have in directing society toward a selected goal? Is that any part of their work? If teachers are to help in this, what should their preparation be? Should they know something about these social sciences? What else should they understand? Should teachers be scientists? What would that mean?

Questions on Current Issues

Why Should Any One Work?

When the logging operator in the Washington woods was asked: "Why should you expect these men to work?" his angry reply was: "I consider that question treasonable!" Of course, that attitude did not help the situation very much. But he was irritated. The men were making good wages when they worked. They had no chance to spend their money in the woods. They had some difficulty in getting rid of it even when they went to town, since the saloons had been closed. Hence, they were in no hurry to get back to the woods. Having no social responsibilities, they loafed for a month or two. Were they not entitled to this vacation? Why should a man work? To make money? Then, should he not take a vacation when he has money in his pockets? Under present conditions, how many of us are free to decide these questions intelligently?

1. The Tyranny of Industry

Some men like the roaring of machinery. Others do not care so much for it. Which of the two types is the more virtuous? Does patriotism include becoming ecstatic about statistics of output, shipping tonnage and bank clearances? The automatic machine makes its operator automatic: he must move with the exact speed of the machine. Should we all work to develop a nation of automatic operators of automatic machines? Or should some few be left to remain individualized? An automatized nation must have some super-operatives, must it not? Should industry free men or should it dominate them? What are the ways out for those who do not care to be dominated?

2. The Escape through Thrift

Advertisements tell us that the man who saves will be able some day to live on his savings. Is this a legitimate appeal? Should young men and women save their money in order to escape, as quickly as possible, from work? Should all men and women save their money? Should they all hope to escape from work?

3. The Hobo's Escape

Is the desire to escape from work legitimate? Must the escape be made in some specific way? Is the hobo's method of escape legitimate? What are the arguments against it? Does his method have any attraction for the more respectable part of the community? Is the hobo a free man? Is he more, or less, free than the thrifty man?

4. Escape for Us All

Is it immoral to like to work? To want to work? Is it immoral to spend money? Is it immoral to lie on the grass? Should work be distasteful? Is it immoral to wear patched clothes? Is it immoral to work at a job that brings in no money? Is one living while he works? Or must he suspend life until his leisure hours come? Should leisure be thought of as "escape"? Is a machine a sacred thing? Is work ever recreative? Should it be? Should it be recreative for all, or for a chosen few? Does the hobo enjoy his work? Is enjoyment a natural right, or must it be earned? How did the hobo earn his right to enjoyment? Or did he steal it? From whom? What is work for? How many hours should one work each day? How many days should one work each year? How many years should one work in a lifetime? Should there be any time off for good behavior? For cleverness? For family connections? Should our work dominate our lives? If by our work we could express our own selves and create beauty and interest, should we have any more interest in that work?

Reference:

Chicago: Hobo Capital of America (p. 287).

The department of Social Studies will be resumed in the fall.

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THE AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF HOSPITAL SOCIAL WORKERS—Miss M. A. Cannon, president, 105 East 22nd Street, New York City; Miss Lena R. Waters, executive secretary, The Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md. Organization to promote development of social work in hospitals and dispensaries. Annual meeting with National Conference of Social Work.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR ORGANIZING FAMILY SOCIAL WORK—Mrs. John M. Glenn, chairman; Francis H. McLean, field director; David H. Holbrook, executive director, 130 E. 22d Street, New York. Advice in organization problems of family social work societies (Associated Charities) in the United States and Canada.

AMERICAN CHILD HEALTH ASSOCIATION (formerly American Child Hygiene Association and Child Health Organization of America)—Headquarters, 532 17th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.; Administrative Offices, 370 7th Ave., New York. Herbert Hoover, pres.; L. Emmett Holt, M.D.; Livingston Farrand, M.D.; Thomas D. Wood, M.D.; 1st, 2nd, 3rd vice-presidents, respectively; Corcoran Thom, treas.; Philip Van Ingen, M.D., sec'y. To promote health among children from conception to maturity—this to be accomplished through cooperation with parents, doctors, nurses, teachers, and other health workers; by dissemination of scientific information and teaching methods in schools, through conferences, addresses, pamphlets, publicity material, and a monthly magazine, "Mother and Child."

AMERICAN COUNTRY LIFE ASSOCIATION—K. L. Butterfield, president; Henry Israel, executive secretary. Room 1849, Grand Central Terminal Bldg., New York City. Emphasizes the human aspect of country life. Annual membership $3.00 includes "The Country Life Bulletin."

AMERICAN HOME ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION—Miss Lenna F. Cooper, sec'y; Battle Creek Sanitarium, Battle Creek, Mich. Organized for betterment of conditions in home, schools, institutions and community. Publishes Journal of Home Economics. 1211 Cathedral St., Baltimore, Md.

AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY—Founded 1828, labors for an international piece of justice. Its official organ is the Advocate of Peace, $2.00 a year. Arthur Deerin Call, secretary and editor, 612-614 Colorado Building, Washington, D. C.

AMERICAN PRISON ASSOCIATION—Annual Congress of American penologists, criminologists, social workers in delinquency. Next Congress Boston, Massachusetts, September 13-19, 1923. E. R. Cass, general secretary, 135 East 15th Street, New York City.

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE CONTROL OF CANCER—Frank J. Osborne, exec. sec'y; 370 Seventh Ave., New York. To disseminate knowledge concerning symptoms, diagnosis, treatment and prevention. Publication free on request. Annual membership dues, $5.00.

AMERICAN SOCIAL HYGIENE ASSOCIATION—370 Seventh Ave., New York. To promote a better understanding of the social hygiene movement; to advance sound sex education; to combat prostitution and sex delinquency; to aid public authorities in the campaign against the venereal diseases; to advise in organization of state and local social-hygiene programs. Annual membership dues $2.00 including monthly journal.

THE CHILD WELFARE LEAGUE OF AMERICA—C. C. Carstens, director. 130 E. 22d Street, New York City. A League of children's agencies to secure improved standards and methods in their various fields of work. It also cooperates with other children's agencies, cities, states, churches and other groups to work out worth-while results in phases of child welfare in which they are interested.

COUNCIL OF JEWISH WOMEN—305 W. 98th Street, New York. Miss Rose Brenner, pres.; Mrs. Harry Sternberger, ex. sec'y. Promotes civic cooperation, education, religion and social welfare in the United States, Canada, Cuba, Europe.
Department of Immigrant Aid—799 Broadway. Mrs. S. J. Rosensohn, chairman. For the protection and education of immigrant women and girls.

COMMUNITY SERVICE—315 Fourth Avenue, New York City. A national civic movement for promoting citizenship through right use of leisure. It will, on request, help local communities work out leisure time programs. H. S. Braucher, secretary.

FEDERAL COUNCIL OF THE CHURCHES OF CHRIST IN AMERICA—Constituted by 30 Protestant denominations. Rev. Chas. S. Macfarland, Rev. S. M. Cavert, gen'l sec'ys; 105 E. 22nd Street, New York.
Commission on the Church and Social Service—Rev. Worth M. Tippy, exec. sec'y; Rev. F. Ernest Johnson, research, sec'y; Agnes H. Campbell, research ass't; Inez M. Cavert, librarian.

HAMPTON INSTITUTE—J. E. Gregg, principal; G. P. Phenix, vice prin.; F. H. Rogers, treas.; W. H. Scoville, sec'y; Hampton, Va. Trains Indian and Negro youth. Neither a State nor a Government school. Free illustrated literature.

INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE OF YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS—First appointed 1854, located New York City 1866, incorporated 1883. Headquarters office, 347 Madison Avenue, New York City, N. Y. Tel. Vanderbilt 1200. Branch offices, Chicago, Atlanta, Denver. Chairman, James M. Speers; Treasurer, B. H. Fancher; General Sec'y, John R. Mott. The Committee maintains a staff of executive and traveling secretaries for service in the interests of the Young Men's Christian Associations at home and

JOINT COMMITTEE ON METHODS OF PREVENTING DELINQUENCY—Graham Romeyn Taylor, executive director, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York. To promote the adoption of sound methods in this field, with particular reference to psychiatric clinics, visiting teacher work, and training for these and similar services; to conduct related studies, education and publication; and to interpret the work of the Commonwealth Fund Program for the Prevention of Delinquency.

NATIONAL ALLIANCE OF LEGAL AID SOCIETIES—Officers: President, Albert F. Bigelow, 111 Devonshire Street, Boston; Secretary, John S. Bradway, 133 South 12th St., Philadelphia; Chairman of Central Committee, Leonard McGee, 239 Broadway, New York. This organization was formed in 1912 as a national association of all legal aid societies and bureaus in the United States to develop and extend legal aid work. Copies of Proceedings at convention in December 1922, including report on relation between social service and legal aid, may be had on request.

NATIONAL BOARD OF THE YOUNG WOMENS CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS—Mrs. Robert E. Speer, president; Miss Mabel Cratty, general secretary, 600 Lexington Avenue, New York City. This organization maintains a staff of executive and traveling secretaries to cover work in the United States in 1,152 local Y. W. C. A.'s on behalf of the industrial, business, student, foreign born, Indian, Colored and younger girls. It has 174 American secretaries at work in 55 centers in the Orient, Latin America and Europe. The National Board also maintains a National Training School of graduate type at 135 East 52nd Street, New York City, for the professional training of its leadership. The training is given in two parts. The preliminary course consists of six weeks of lecture work (generally given in the summer session) and nine months practical experience on salary under supervision. The advanced course requires a full year of resident academic study, upon the successful completion of which a professional certificate is granted. Special emphasis is placed upon training in group work.

NATIONAL CATHOLIC WELFARE COUNCIL—1312 Massachusetts Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C.
General Secretary, Rev. John J. Burke, C.S.P.
Departments—Education, Laws and Legislation, Social Action, Press and Publicity, Lay Organizations (National Council of Catholic Men and National Council of Catholic Women.)
National Catholic Service School for Women, 2400 Nineteenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

NATIONAL CHILD LABOR COMMITTEE—Owen R. Lovejoy, sec'y; 1 East 104th Street, New York. Industrial, agricultural investigations. Works for improved laws and administration; children's codes. Studies health, schools, recreation, dependency, delinquency, etc. Annual membership, $2, $5, $10, $25 and $100; includes monthly bulletin, "The American Child."

NATIONAL CHILD WELFARE ASSOCIATION, INC.—Chas. F. Powlison, gen. sec'y; 70 Fifth Ave., New York. Originates and publishes exhibit material which visualizes the principles and conditions affecting the health, well being and education of children. Cooperates with educators, public health agencies, and all child welfare groups in community, city or state-wide service through exhibits, child welfare campaigns, etc.

THE NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR MENTAL HYGIENE—Dr. Walter B. James, pres.; Dr. Frankwood E. Williams, med. dir.; Dr. Clarence J. D'Alton, executive assistant; Clifford W. Beers, sec'y; 370 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Pamphlets on mental hygiene, nervous and mental disorders, feeble-mindedness, epilepsy, inebriety, criminology, psychiatric social service, backward children, surveys, state societies. "Mental Hygiene," quarterly, $2.00 a year; "Mental Hygiene Bulletin," monthly, $.25 a year.

NATIONAL CONFERENCE OF SOCIAL WORK—Homer Folks, pres., New York; W. H. Parker, sec'y, 25 East Ninth Street, Cincinnati, Ohio. The Conference is an organization to discuss the principles of humanitarian effort and to increase the efficiency of social service agencies. Each year it holds an annual meeting, publishes in permanent form the Proceedings of the meeting and issues a quarterly Bulletin. The fiftieth annual meeting of the Conference will be held in Washington, D. C., May 16-23, 1923. Proceedings are sent free of charge to all members upon payment of a membership fee of five dollars.

NATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR THE PREVENTION OF BLINDNESS—Edward M. Van Cleve, managing director; Lewis H. Carris, field sec'y; Mrs. Winifred Hathaway, sec'y; 130 E. 22nd St., New York. Objects: To furnish information, exhibits, lantern slides, lectures, publish literature of movement—samples free, quantities at cost. Includes New York State Committee.

NATIONAL CONSUMERS' LEAGUE—44 E. 23rd St., New York. Mrs. Florence Kelley, gen'l sec'y. Promotes legislation for enlightened standards for women and minors in industry and for honest products: minimum wage commissions, eight hour day, no night work, federal regulation food and packing industries; "honest cloth" legislation. Publications available.

NATIONAL FEDERATION OF SETTLEMENTS—Robert A. Woods, sec'y; 20 Union Park, Boston. Develops broad forms of comparative study and concerted action in city, state and nation, for meeting the fundamental problems disclosed by settlement work, seek the higher and more democratic organization of neighborhood life.

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION FOR PUBLIC HEALTH NURSING—Member, National Health Council—Anne A. Stevens, R.N., director, 370 Seventh Avenue, New York. For development and standardization of public health nursing. Maintains library and educational service. Official Magazine, "Public Health Nurse."

NATIONAL PHYSICAL EDUCATION SERVICE—309 Homer Building, Washington, D. C. To obtain progressive legislation for physical education. Established at the request of a committee created by the United States Bureau of Education; 35 national organizations cooperating. Maintained by the Playground and Recreation Association of America.

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THE SURVEY'S DIRECTORY

NATIONAL URBAN LEAGUE—For social service among Negroes. L. Hollingsworth Wood, pres.; Eugene Kinckle Jones, exec. sec'y; 127 E. 23rd St., New York. Establishes committees of white and colored people to work out community problems. Trains Negro social workers. Publishes "Opportunity"—a "journal of Negro life."

NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION—Anna A. Gordon, president; Headquarters, 1730 Chicago Avenue, Evanston, Illinois. To secure effective enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment, to advance the welfare of the American people through the departments of Child Welfare, Women in Industry, Social Morality, Scientific Temperance Instruction, Americanization and other allied fields of endeavor. Official publication "The Union Signal," published at Headquarters.

NATIONAL WOMEN'S TRADE UNION LEAGUE—Mrs. Raymond Robins, honorary president; Mrs. Maud Swartz, president; 311 South Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill. Stands for self-government in the work shop through organization and also for the enactment of protective legislation. Information given.

PLAYGROUND AND RECREATION ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA—1 Madison Avenue, New York City. Joseph Lee, president; H. S. Braucher, secretary. Special attention given to organization of year-round municipal recreation systems. Information available on playground and community center activities and administration.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION LEAGUE—To secure representation for all. C. G. Hoag, sec'y, 1417 Locust St., Philadelphia. Membership, $2.00, entitles to quarterly P. R. Review.

RUSSELL SAGE FOUNDATION—For the Improvement of Living Conditions—John M. Glenn, dir.; 130 E. 22nd St., New York. Departments: Charity Organization, Child-Helping, Industrial Studies, Library, Recreation, Remedial Loans, Statistics, Surveys and Exhibits. The publications of the Russell Sage Foundation offer to the public in practical and inexpensive form some of the most important results of its work. Catalogue sent upon request.

TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE—An institution for the training of Negro Youth; an experiment in race adjustment in the Black Belt of the South; furnishes information on all phases of the race problem and of the Tuskegee idea and methods; Robert R. Moton, prin.; Warren Logan, treas.; A. L. Holsey, acting sec'y, Tuskegee, Ala.

WORKERS' EDUCATION BUREAU OF AMERICA—Spencer Miller, Jr., sec'y; 465 W. 23rd St. A clearing-house for Workers' Education.

DAY by day for seven days the National Conference of Social Work rehearsed the achievements of fifty years and tried to look around the corner into the future. On the heels of every day and every speaker, members of The Survey staff gathered material for an unusually full and informing issue. Twenty pages of it coming in the June 15 Midmonthly. Reports by Paul U. Kellogg, Bruno Lasker, Geddes Smith, Haven Emerson, Joseph K. Hart, Carl de Schweinitz, John A. Fitch, Graham Taylor, Hendrik Van Loon.

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THE SMOLDERING PROBLEM OF ANTHRACITE

(*Continued from page 269*)

wages satisfy the mine workers? Would they be more likely "to hold the country up" than the present financial control of the industry? Can the mines be bought cheaply enough to make any considerable elimination of excess capital claims possible, or will the purchase of them simply make such claims a permanent mortgage charge on our coal bills and on the mine payroll? To answer these questions we would need to know from the commission exactly what is the actual investment, less depreciation, in anthracite mining plant and equipment at present, in mined coal lands less depletion, in coal land reserves.

Again,—and to stretch our national foresight further—what effect will the constantly increasing transmission of power by wire have on the industry as it is at present organized, and on any plans for reorganization? Will the creation of giant power stations in the bituminous fields lower the cost of power to the extent of making it unprofitable to haul the steam sizes of anthracite to the market? Will it pay the anthracite industry to connect up with the superpower plans if only 30 per cent of its production (the steam sizes) can be converted into power profitably? Will the market for domestic sizes last more than twenty-five years, or will houses be heated by by-product coke, gas or electricity by that time? In case that is to be the future industrial history, can electricity generated from anthracite coal compete with electricity from bituminous coal? What effect should this possibility have in any valuation of anthracite mine properties for purposes of determining a fair return or a purchase price?

Taken together these questions are a bewildering series. Yet they give only an indication of the problems any fact-finding body that proposes to do more than publish facts for others to use must consider. The Coal Commission has a job on its hands. But the public, whose voice in the last analysis must be decisive, has a greater job. Its appraisal of the commission's report will depend upon its preparation for the consideration of these questions; and the commission's policy of no open hearings throughout the winter and spring has made such appraisal unnecessarily difficult. The public has been denied the privilege of sharing the commission's opportunities for self-education. As long ago as February, for example, the miners challenged the commission's present mine cost and investment accounting system; and they renewed the challenge in great detail this last month. The point involved is complicated, yet of fundamental importance in its bearing upon the great underlying question whether the anthracite industry with its present organization can provide reasonably cheap coal for the consumer, a fair return for the investor and an adequate wage for the miners. It is possible that the commission may come to a complete agreement with itself about the facts of the anthracite industry and their significance. It is possible that it may achieve equal unanimity about the assumptions upon which its recommendations are based. Unless, however, the facts answer the essential questions so clearly that the public can understand them, and the assumptions underlying the recommendations are so stated that the public will accept them as tenable, its work as laid out by act of Congress and accorded appropriations amounting to $600,000 will merely add to the buried chambers of official reports or become a generating force for the development of anthracite mining as a great public service. The future of hard coal is by no means in the commission's hands, but the opportunity lies open before it to present findings and proposals which will yield results of permanent worth to the industry and to the consuming public.

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RURAL PUBLIC HEALTH NURSES for Kentucky. Apply Director Bureau Public Health Nursing, 532 West Main Street, Louisville, Kentucky.

WANTED: Young Jewish woman for recreational leader in Community Center. Address Jewish Alliance, Los Angeles, California.

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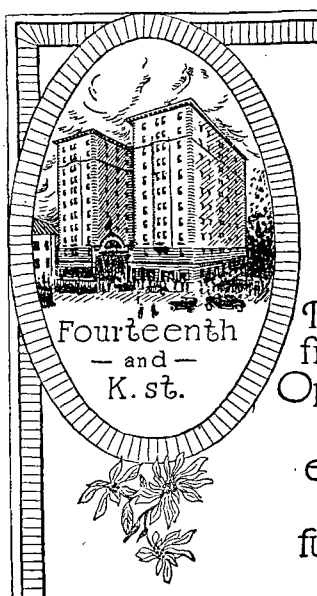

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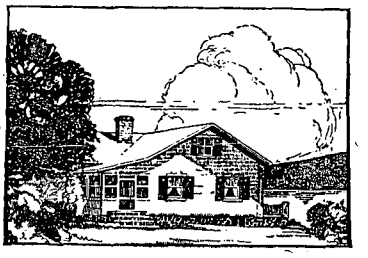

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POOR as church mice, German students and university librarians are unable to secure the American reading matter for which they have an eager hunger. A young German woman who is doing social work in the United States has brought us a list of twenty German and Austrian universities which need The Survey for students in sociology and economics. We cannot afford to give away subscriptions. But we can make a special rate, including foreign postage, on each subscription paid for by an American friend of German youth. One subscription $5.00; two $9.50; three $14.25; the whole twenty $95.00. Send checks to The Survey, 112 East 19 Street, New York City.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, of Survey Graphic, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1923.

State of New York, } ss.
County of New York, }

Before me, a Commissioner of Deeds, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Arthur Kellogg, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of SURVEY GRAPHIC, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Survey Associates, Inc., 112 East 19 Street, New York City; Editor, Paul U. Kellogg, 112 East 19 Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Bruno Lasker, 112 East 19 Street, New York City; Business Managers, Arthur Kellogg, John D. Kenderdine, 112 East 19 Street, New York City.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Survey Associates, Inc., 112 East 19 Street, New York City, a non-commercial corporation under the laws of the State of New York with over 1,600 members. It has no stocks or bonds. President, Robert W. deForest, 30 Broad Street, New York, N. Y.; Vice-Presidents, Henry R. Seager, Columbia University, New York, N. Y.; V. Everit Macy, "Chilmark," Scarborough-on-Hudson, N. Y.; Julian W. Mack, P. O. Box 102, City Hall Station, New York, N. Y.; Secretary, Ann R. Brenner, 112 East 19 Street, New York, N. Y.; Treasurer, Arthur Kellogg, 112 East 19 Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief, as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

[Signed] ARTHUR KELLOGG,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 6th day of April, 1923.
[Seal] MARTHA HOHMANN,
Commissioner of Deeds, City of New York,
New York County Clerk's No. 150; New York County Register's No. 22056.
Commission Expires May 4, 1924.

A LETTER FROM THE RUHR

(*Continued from page 274*)

sentative of the council, which has already had a parliamentary sitting and discussed its grievances. The workingmen believe that under French management their councils would be disbanded immediately, and they would merely become the tools of the large French industrialists.

Most of the Ruhr workingmen are self-educated, for within their union meeting places they have facilities for studying history and economics, and their knowledge of world affairs is astonishing. One picks up a conversation on a street car with a miner on his way to work and learns that he dissects every order promulgated from Berlin; that he knows what he has to gain or to lose from every commercial agreement entered into by his employer with some other employer. More than this, one learns that the Ruhr workingman, as well as the other workingmen of Germany, read their newspapers with a large measure of intelligent skepticism.

Each party has its official organ and the workingmen know that each paper has its particular set of principles to serve. The German workingman is the last man in the world to believe that a statement is true merely because he sees it in print. It is not surprising that the workingmen lend no credence to the posters of the French which try to inform them that they are exploited by their German masters. They know this and reply that under French control of industry they would only have a worse time of it.

These men are the wall behind which the large German industrialists have stacked their commercial guns. Without the bulwark of the workingman's passive resistance, the German industrialists would be helpless. As a result of their united stand, little coal and few manufactured goods have been shipped into France and the other allied countries. In practice, the workingmen's sabotage consists of leaving a mine or a factory the moment a French soldier enters. When a factory is taken over by the French, they call upon the works councils delegates to extract information as to how to run the factory. Sometimes this information is flatly refused, whereupon the delegate is tried before a court martial and imprisoned. At other times, information is given that it is useless.

In many mines, coal is being shoveled into blind shafts, so that if the French should eventually import an army of workers, they would have to shovel it all out again.

The railroad workers have refused to serve the French in any way, and many of their number are imprisoned, while more have been exiled with their families.

The owners of the big industrial enterprises in the Ruhr have a genuine fear that when the present impasse is settled, they will have to meet renewed demands from their workingmen for an increased share in the management and in the profits of their industries. The workers have discovered the power of sabotage and have proved to themselves that, with complete unity, they are able to obtain whatever they, collectively, desire. Several of the workingmen knowingly told me to "just wait until this thing is settled, and you'll see that we'll have a good deal to say to our own bosses."

One thing seems certain: that German militarism will never curse or frighten the world again; at least not for several generations. Every workingman with whom I spoke assured me that the Ruhr workers would never again lend themselves to militaristic enterprises. From the strength of their organizations, I can well believe that they are able to carry out this resolve. But another generation may bring with it another point of view. The revenge feeling exists not among the Ruhr workers but among persons whose imaginations have been fired and who in no way have any connection with the trouble in the Rhine country.

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Mighty Like a Rose

Every baby is mighty like a rose in looks and sweetness to its mother. But the fact that 200,000 babies die every year in the United States before reaching their first birthday proves that thousands of mothers fail to realize how like a rose a baby is in its frail hold on life.

The most dangerous business in the world—

the most hazardous occupation, is the business of being a baby. Figures show that the reckless taxi driver has a better chance to live a year than has the new born baby to survive one day.

Of the Seven Ages of Man—

the first age, the "baby in its nurse's arms", is the most dangerous. 35,000 die on the day on which they are born. 100,000 of them die before they are one month old.

The hideous picture of the Ammonite god Moloch into whose fiery arms and bosom ignorant, superstitious mothers of old threw thousands upon thousands of babies as a sacrifice, fills the mind with sickening horror.

Yet today, through ignorance and neglect, the horrible sacrifice of babies is still going on, while parents and communities blame the deaths on Providence and hot weather.

Sweetest little fellow
Everybody knows,
Don't know what to call him
But he's mighty like a rose.

Frank Stanton

"If all the babies born in New York City in one year were placed shoulder to shoulder they would make a line twenty-two miles long," according to U. S. Senator Copeland, former Health Commissioner of New York City, and

"Five miles of babies—

"died in the first year of life in 1891. In that year the great fight to save babies was started. Welfare stations were established where mothers could go for advice and where their babies were given thorough physical examinations. Pasteurized milk was the next baby life-saving step. The result of teaching mothers how to care for their babies and of providing pure milk has reduced the death rate in New York City from 241 to 72 per thousand.

"But we may still refer to the deaths of infants as the Slaughter of the Innocents—for the work done in New York City but proves that thousands upon thousands of baby deaths can be prevented throughout the United States when every mother is taught that:

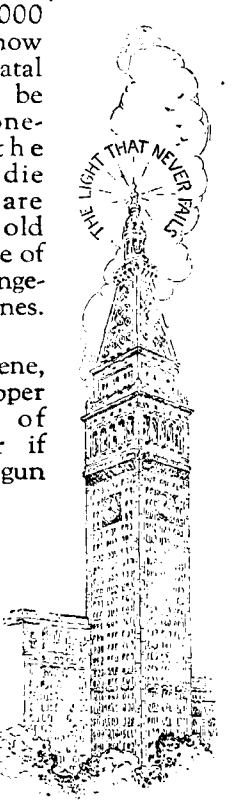
"Babies do not die because the weather is hot—

"Babies do not die because it is dry or because it rains. Babies die in the summertime because they are not properly fed and not properly taken care of."

Save the new born babies—

by teaching the mother to safeguard her own health before the coming of the baby. Thousands of the 35,000 babies who now die on their natal day will then be saved, and one-half of the 100,000 who die before they are one month old will be saved when mothers take care of themselves and make proper arrangements for the coming of their little ones.

Observance of the rules of hygiene, proper feeding, proper bathing, proper clothing, will save thousands of runabout baby lives this summer if the work of saving them is only begun in time.



The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company issues a booklet which has helped to save many, many baby lives. It may save *your* baby's life this summer. The booklet is called "The Child." It tells of the care of the baby—its feeding—the care of milk and what to do the minute a baby shows digestive disturbances—the cause of most baby deaths in summer.

The care of the runabout child is also fully covered. The bogy of the Second Summer is banished and the belief that teething is a sickness is proved to be merely an old-fashioned superstition.

The booklet tells the Mother how to care for the baby's food—to remember the three C's—Clean, Cool, Covered.

The booklet was prepared for use of Metropolitan Policyholders but whether or not you are a policyholder if there is a baby in your family and you want to know how best to see it through this summer, write the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York City, and ask for a copy of "The Child." It will be mailed free of charge and without obligation on your part.

HALEY FISKE, *President*

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